

# THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

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## A RADICAL EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF THE CHILD

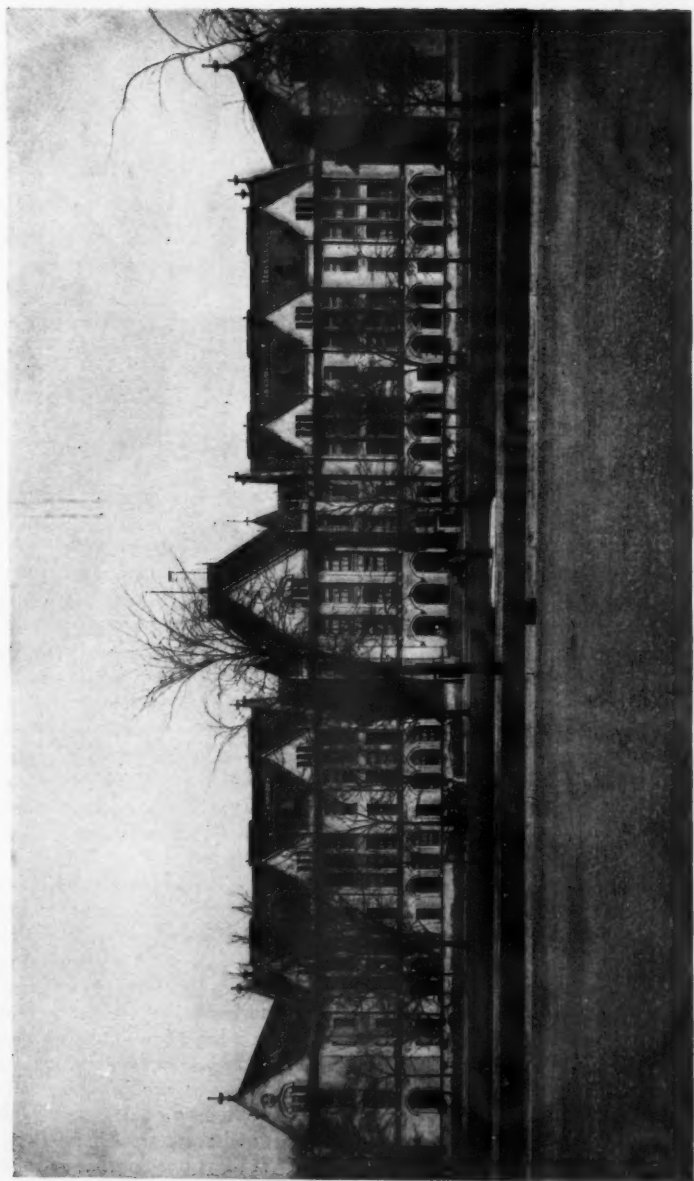
BY H. FOSTER BAIN

Among the various buildings of the University of Chicago which face the well-remembered Midway Plaisance there is none more striking than the home of the School of Education. Its size and monumental character, the promise of permanence given by thick stone walls and heavy tiled roof, the dignity and charming air of seclusion resulting from the screening terrace—all command attention and admiration. The very name quickens interest. Schools of medicine, of law, of science, of letters and arts there are a plenty; but a school devoted to education itself, which regards pedagogy as subject matter not only of instruction but of investigation, smacks of the novel; and the work of the school is unique, in keeping with the name.

A visitor is struck at once by the absence of the formal discipline of the public schools, and by the large place in the curriculum evidently given to occupations. He sees nowhere the large rooms crowded with erect little figures sitting at a strained attention while the

teacher doles out knowledge from a high platform, nor does he see children working over what might be called the technique of education—dry problems in mental arithmetic, isolated facts of geography or history, and hard and fast rules of grammar. Instead, they are working at knowledge itself, learning things they want to know then and there, rather than memorizing material which may be of value at some indefinite time in the future.

Starting with the kindergarten in one of the wings of the building, one may pass through a series of rooms in which small groups of children are engaged in a most absorbing succession of pastimes. In the first perhaps they are playing at farming. On a large low table is a box filled with earth, and divided into plots where various grains are being grown. Each day the children come to observe their growth and mark the changes. In the warmer seasons out-door farms take the place of the indoor model. The latter is however complete, even to the bags of wheat and the barn to store



THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF EDUCATION  
Facing on the Midway Plaisance

them in. One small city-bred boy objected to the barn because it had no second story "for the coachman to sleep in," thereby revealing the pathetic necessity for even closer contact between home and school.

In another room a group of children may be found surrounding a blast lamp, one boy vigorously working the bellows, while each in turn uses a soldering-iron in making candle molds. Later real candles are made in these—a very practical way of securing light on colonial history. Another group may be seen grinding corn with primitive tools and by primitive methods. Another is mixing cement and sand, each carefully weighed and screened, for building a real furnace. The furnace completed, the boys build a fire in it and melt various metals, thereby learning many a lesson in the physics of drafts or the chemistry of minerals. It would take but one glance to assure a visitor that these children were at least vitally interested in what they were doing.

In the other rooms cooking, sewing, basket making, clay modeling from live rabbits, drawing, painting, and various other industries, might be seen carried on. The textile industries are represented, from washing the wool, and designing and making the loom, to spinning the yarn and weaving the cloth. The pottery work includes burning as well as making the pieces. In still another room perhaps an excited group of youngsters might be seen craning their necks in order not to miss a move on the part of a young blacksmith demonstrating some piece of work; or many saws and hammers would tell that the child's inherent desire "to make something" is finding an outlet. Everywhere the children are so busy at agreeable tasks that one says: This is their play; when do they work?

The distinction between play and work is an obscure one which has puzzled the wisest; and, in the face of Tom Sawyer's famous experience in

whitewashing, all rules are apt to break down. The same occupation may be play or work according to the conditions under which it is performed and the attitude of the performer. Fröbel long since showed that systematic, well-directed play was of the highest educational value. All these occupations would be play, and play only, if left solely to the child. Rightly used, however, the cooking affords many simple lessons in physics and chemistry, the textile work introduces history, and the measurements necessary in carpentry open the doorway to mathematics.

"Learn to do by doing" is a good though narrow rule, since the mere doing is not the vital element. It is what the child learns while doing which counts, and it is for the sake of the learning that the doing is introduced. To one who might still urge that occupations are not fit matter for a curriculum, it may be pointed out that in post-graduate work in physics courses are sometimes given in manipulation, the bending and breaking of glass rods, and similar work. The occupations are after all but preparatory work for laboratory instructions in the college and graduate courses; and from the mother-play in the kindergarten to the highest instruction in chemistry and physics the method is the same though the instruments differ, and there is an increasing use of symbols and departure from concrete to abstract. Less and less time is devoted to mere doing, and more and more to the learning.

"But," it may be asked, "how do the children learn the old, the fundamental three R's, reading, writing and arithmetic?" Let the last be taken, as the type of all, and it may be said that they study mathematics from the first to the last day in school, though they study it always in connection with some immediate and pressing need. When the children begin the study of plant-growth they weigh out a quantity of some seed, soak it in water a certain



PLAYING AT FARMING

In warm weather outdoor "farms" take the place, in the first grade, of indoor planting and cultivation.



number of hours and then re-weigh. Out of these operations the beginnings of weights, liquid measure, time, addition, subtraction, and even of multiplication and division, come naturally, and in each case answer to some obvious need of the child. Fractions may happen to come first in cooking, if the young chef is confronted with the problem of mixing a cake for three people when the recipe calls for two cups of sugar in a cake for five. In such a case the two cups of sugar are usually first poured together and divided into five parts, of which three are taken. Here is a fine problem in fractions, and the teacher finds it easy to demonstrate the economy of using numbers in the usual way, in the place of actually measuring the sugar. Knowledge is worth nothing except as related to human need; but if the usefulness of knowledge be made real to the child, if the things taught answer questions which he himself is asking, the whole problem of securing attention, of inducing a healthy mental activity on the part of the child, disappears.

The large number of subjects not usually included in the course of study of elementary schools, for which here the children find time, is also striking. In addition to the occupations already mentioned, modern languages, music, drawing, and color-work run through all the grades. Something of dramatic art is taught; and the history course is enriched almost beyond recognition. Not only are all these subjects taught, but the teaching is from first-hand knowledge. Very large use is made of the well-equipped museum and library, while excursions are an almost daily phase of the work. The introduction of all this extra matter is made possible by the system of teaching to small groups, and by a very unusual arrangement of the course.

The common course of study in elementary schools may, perhaps, be not inaptly called the stratified course. The

child must work from stratum to stratum; and he gets to thinking of his arithmetic, geography, and history as occurring in nature in a certain immutable vertical order. He works through successively thicker readers into and through a series of "primary," "intermediate," and "complete" geographies, finding in the appendix of the last the geography of his own State. From this he goes to United States history; and from that, if his courage lasts, proceeds finally to general history and the beginning of things—thus reversing, in part at least, the history of the race and the normal history of the individual. There is a time when all boys are primitive men. So, in this school, they play at barter; and finding the need of money, they design and cast it. It passes current by common consent, and they know it to be a medium of exchange because they designed it for such. In the meantime, under skilful tuition, they have learned of the actual beginnings of commerce, of the voyages of the Phœnicians, of the invention of the compass; and they have something of the knowledge regarding the ancient world which the ancients themselves had.

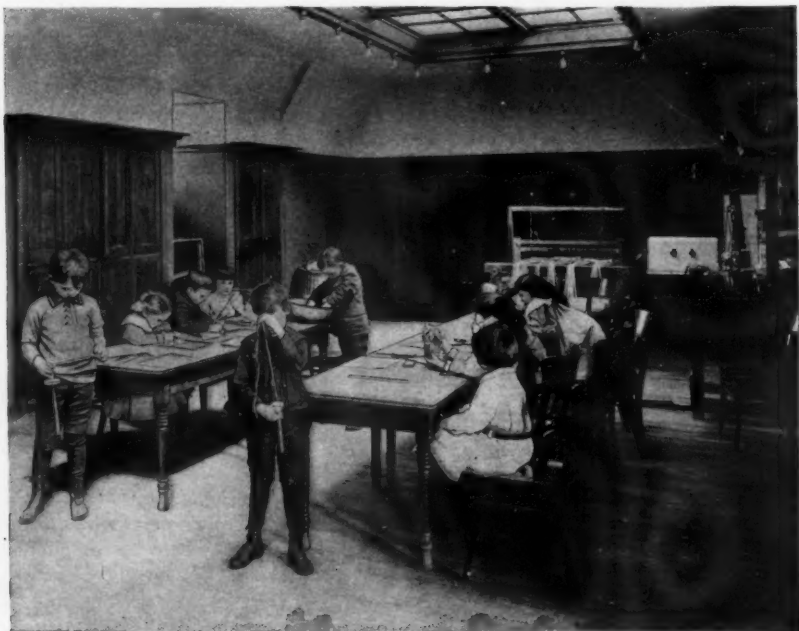
So geography and history are taught together; both are approached through the industries, and are accompanied by studies in art, literature, and music. When studying colonial history the children study the geography of the colonies, the characteristic household industries of the colonial period, the music and the literature of colonial days. In their work on the industries the children reinvent the simple forms of machinery, and from actual hand-picking of cotton and hand-weaving they realize the immense industrial changes which came with the invention of the cotton-gin and the power-loom. Everywhere knowledge is studied in its relations, and as nearly as possible in all its relations. The drawing and color-work go hand in hand with the history; dramatic art finds its place with literature, the chil-

dren dramatizing simple stories and presenting them on the stage of the school theatre.

With such work in the grades it naturally follows that in the high-school work large space is given to laboratory instruction. The chemical and physical laboratories, the museum and the library come in for frequent use. In geography sand modeling, chalk modeling, and map drawing are carried on; and photographs and lantern slides are everywhere largely used. In the course in physiology meteorological observations are made daily, with weather forecasts of surprising accuracy.

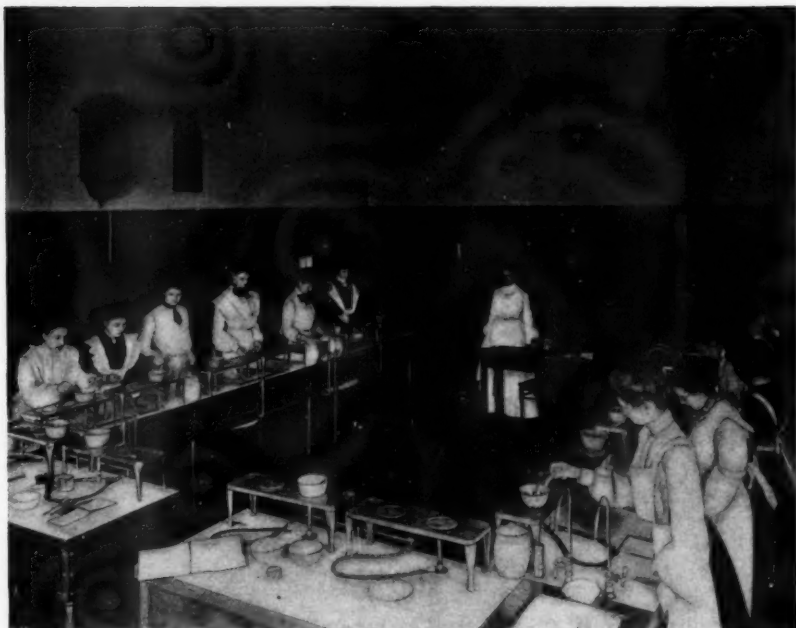
It would, however, be a superficial view of the school which confined itself to the work of the children. There is also the large and active group of young people who are preparing themselves by formal studies, by observation and by

practice, for the duties of teaching; and there is the larger study always going on of education itself. What the particular children now in school are learning is of relatively small importance; what even the prospective teacher may learn is not the chief concern; but what is being discovered about education itself, of what may and may not be profitably attempted, is of great import. Looked at from one point of view the school is a place to learn. From another it is a place where teachers are trained. From still a third it is a great laboratory where the problems of education are being studied, just as those of chemistry, physics, and botany are being studied in other laboratories nearby. It is this phase of the work which is unique, and it is the results obtained along this line which are of far-reaching importance. From either of the other



A CLASS IN TEXTILE INDUSTRY

Children of the second grade practising all the steps—washing the wool, designing and making the loom, spinning the yarn, and weaving the cloth.



THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

An adult grade in the cooking-school, in which lower grades also have a training.

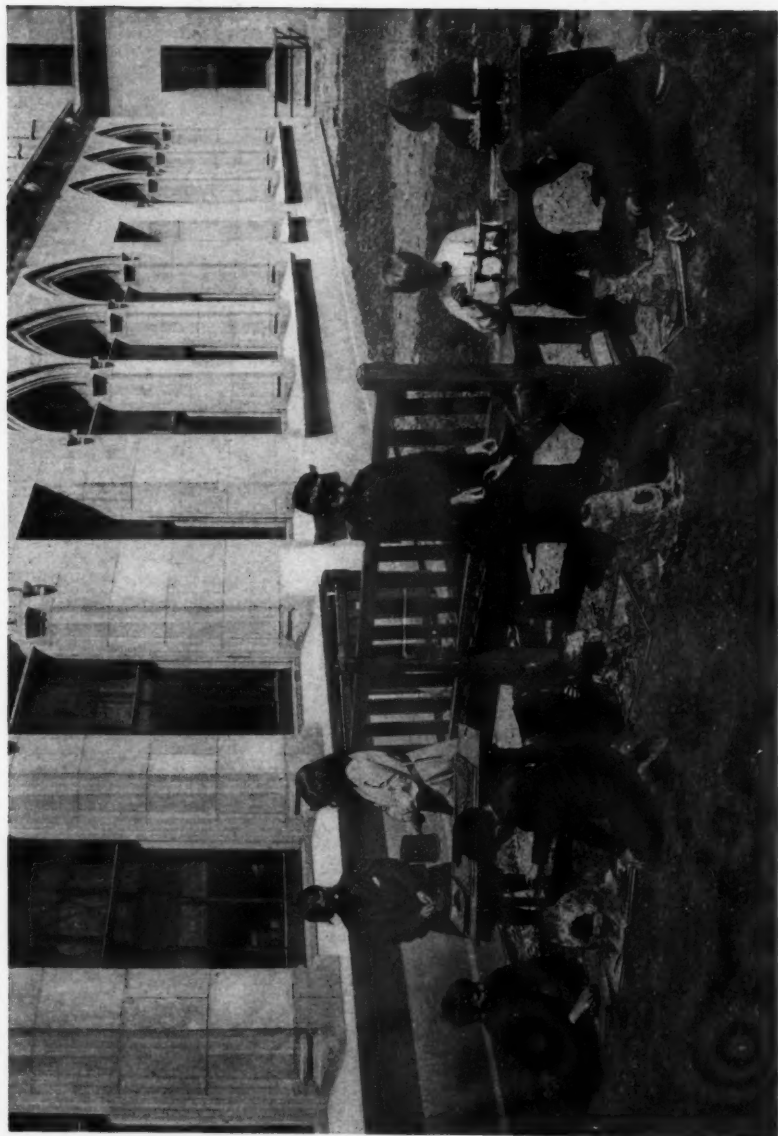
standpoints the school has been criticised, and is open to criticism. Doubtless in individual cases too much is left to the child's initiative, and immediate economy would dictate less experimental work on his part and somewhat closer direction by the teacher.

It is to be remembered that the attitude of the investigator is not the ordinary attitude of everyday life. In general, one learns much from authority and acts much under authority. Unquestioning obedience on the part of many is a necessity of present conditions; and due economy would not, it is believed, dictate a complete abandonment of ordinary methods of discipline in favor of the slowly growing idea of individual responsibility.

And, on the other hand, from the standpoint of the teacher, of what avail is it to learn methods adapted only

to small groups—and requiring a complex plant, with the hearty coöperation of a number of other teachers, each a specialist—when in the great majority of cases she must take her place as a unit in a system of schools run on an entirely different plan; when instead of six she may have sixty pupils; when the entire apparatus probably consists of a clean blackboard and a box of chalk; and when the pupils come to her already marked by a half-dozen years of training of one kind, and must go from her to more years of that same kind? She may carry away with her a new inspiration to work, and may be very much the richer in her knowledge of subject matter; but, in the nature of present conditions, the methods she has seen applied she can not take with her to any great extent.

All this is, however, beside the point



#### MELTING METALS

The little furnaces, in which children of the third grade are melting metals, were made by themselves.

and represents a superficial point of view. Let it be granted that the School of Education is ahead of the times, that it is impractical, and that the methods it uses can not be applied to the public schools; grant that it is "a place where children are taught to play and then go home to teach their parents"—if all this were entirely instead of partly true, as a laboratory of research it is worth more than all it cost; and the results already obtained point the way to the possibility of radical improvements in elementary education everywhere. To understand this it will be necessary to go somewhat into the history of the school.

The School of Education is the outgrowth of four distinct lines of effort directed toward the improvement of elementary education. It was constituted by the consolidation of an equal number of separate schools, each of which under separate impulse had been working at some distinctive phase of the general problem. The Chicago Manual Training School, the Chicago Institute, the South Side Academy, and the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago has each a history. Each had a distinctive field and methods, though they had in common the purpose of improving the common schools of this country. They represent a few of the centres of the protest which in the last quarter of a century has been rising against the older routine-work in the grades. Of these various schools the Chicago Institute was probably best known, because it represented the culmination of the work of Colonel Francis W. Parker. He will ever be remembered as one of the most active reformers at any time connected with the American public schools. His work, first at Quincy, Massachusetts, and later as principal of the Cook County Normal School, gave him a broad reputation. His death but a short time after organizing the new Institute—so magnificently equipped for the especial pur-

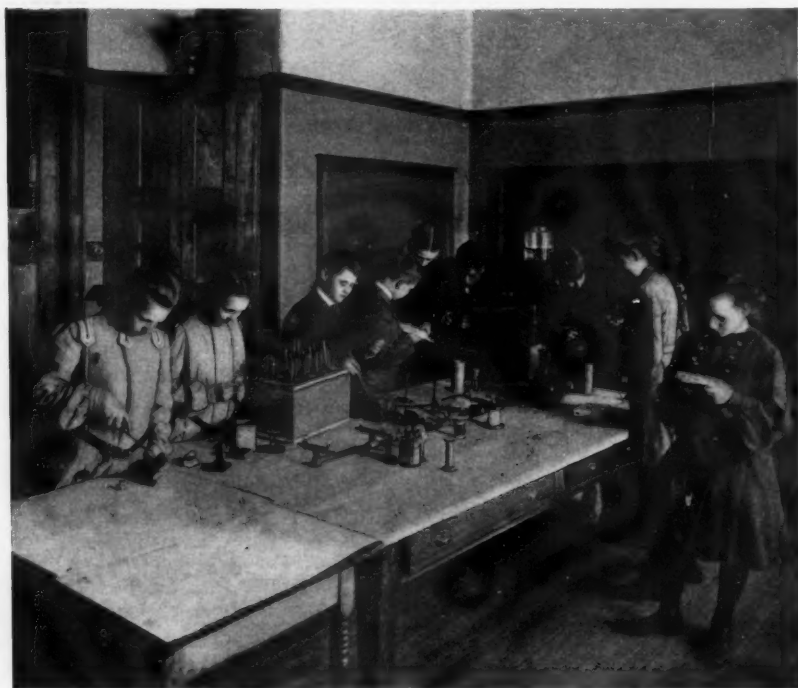
pose of allowing him to work out his ideal unhampered—was a great loss to it and to elementary education as a whole. Colonel Parker was a big man, with the strength and the faults that are common to big men; tremendously in earnest and impatient of restraint. He was always in the midst of battle. He could brook no questioning, no half-hearted measures. Profoundly convinced of the necessity of change, he would have the change come at once and be complete. But his fight was ever for the children, and in his love of little children one may find the motive and the incentive for his years of struggle. It has been said of him that he effected the substitution of teacher for text-book; but probably his major contribution was the change of the teacher's point of view from that of teaching things to building character. He regarded knowledge as useful only in so far as it developed character; and under this ideal the curriculum became an ever-changing course of individual experiments rather than a fixed course of study.

The Chicago Manual Training School represents another of the pioneer movements of the new education. It is significant of the gap which had developed between educators and practical men of affairs that the initiative for this work came from a body of men no one of whom was a professional teacher or educator, while its success was due to the courage and activity of men who themselves had no technical school education. The school was founded in 1883 by the Commercial Club of Chicago, an organization composed of sixty of the foremost merchants and manufacturers of the city. At a meeting held in March, 1882, the desirability of such a school was discussed by the members and by Professor H. S. Peabody, of St. Louis, who was present by invitation. Subsequently the Club visited the Manual Training School connected with Washington University, and

decided to establish a similar school in Chicago. This was the first independent training school in America, and one of the first anywhere. It is difficult to understand now the storm of protest and suspicion which the new school had to meet. When Professor H. H. Belfield left the North Division High School to become director, his friends commiserated him, and many of them asked if he expected to educate boys by having them saw wood. It was several years before the National Educational Institution could find room on its program for papers devoted to manual training.

The new director, however, was not discouraged, nor were the trustees—E. W. Blatchford, R. T. Crane, Marshall Field, William A. Fuller, John Crerar, John A. Doane, N. K. Fairbank, Edson Keith, and George

M. Pullman. With such men back of it there could be no failure, and the success which the school has achieved might have been expected. This success has been not only in the training of a large number of young men, of whom nearly nine hundred have graduated, but also in the recognition which has been won of the essential soundness of the philosophy upon which manual training is founded. The advocates of this training believe that formal instruction is but the smaller part of education. The latter is a life-process, and everything which touches man, from childhood to death, ministers to his education. The form of instruction most appropriate during school years is, therefore, that which is most consistent with life as a whole, which puts the pupil most completely in touch with the



LABORATORY WORK IN ELECTRICITY

Much stress is laid on laboratory work throughout the entire course.





## LABORATORY WORK IN GEOGRAPHY

Map-modeling on a large scale proves to be a fascinating study.

normal environment of his after life. The introduction of shop-work and drawing are important aids in this. Manual training should not, however, be looked upon as the teaching of trades. Its value is dependent rather on the intellectual stimulus which comes from the training of the hand. A large portion of the human brain, the physiologists tell us, has a predominantly motor function. Its full development, therefore, requires motor training. Manual skill, after all, resides not in the hand but in the brain which directs the hand. The sawing of boards, when accompanied by no mental effort, has small educational value; but the careful sawing and fitting of material into a box, a stool, or other design may be made highly educative. There is, first, the planning of the work, the forming of a complete mental picture of it; next, the proper proportions must be determined and the plan drawn to

scale; finally, the design must be executed in wood or iron as the case may be, without loss of material and with constant reference to the scale of the whole work. All this calls for mental effort; and when such a piece of work as the tower clock of the University is finished, many minds as well as hands have been trained.

It would be a one-sided education which reached the brain through the hands only; and from the first the Manual Training School has provided generous courses in mathematics, science, literature, and languages, not greatly different from those found in other schools. It has been the almost universal experience that the pupils did as much and as good work in these general studies as was done by those who did not do the shop-work. The power which the latter gives was strikingly shown not long ago when a number of manual-training boys, incited



#### FILLING THE POTTERY-KILN

Children of the fifth grade getting the kiln ready for burning pottery made by their own hands.

by some chance remarks of the teacher on the usefulness of a knowledge of cooking to surveyors and future engineers, elected a course in that work. The result was that these boys averaged better than the girls in the class, who had not had the same training in manipulation.

That manual training high-schools answer to a real need is shown by their rapid spread throughout America. The value of the training is now almost universally recognized, and the Chicago school has had much to do with winning this recognition. One of its graduates was, in fact, selected to introduce the system in the British schools of India. While much has been done, there remains much to do, and in its new relations the Chicago Manual Training School will find a sympathetic environment.

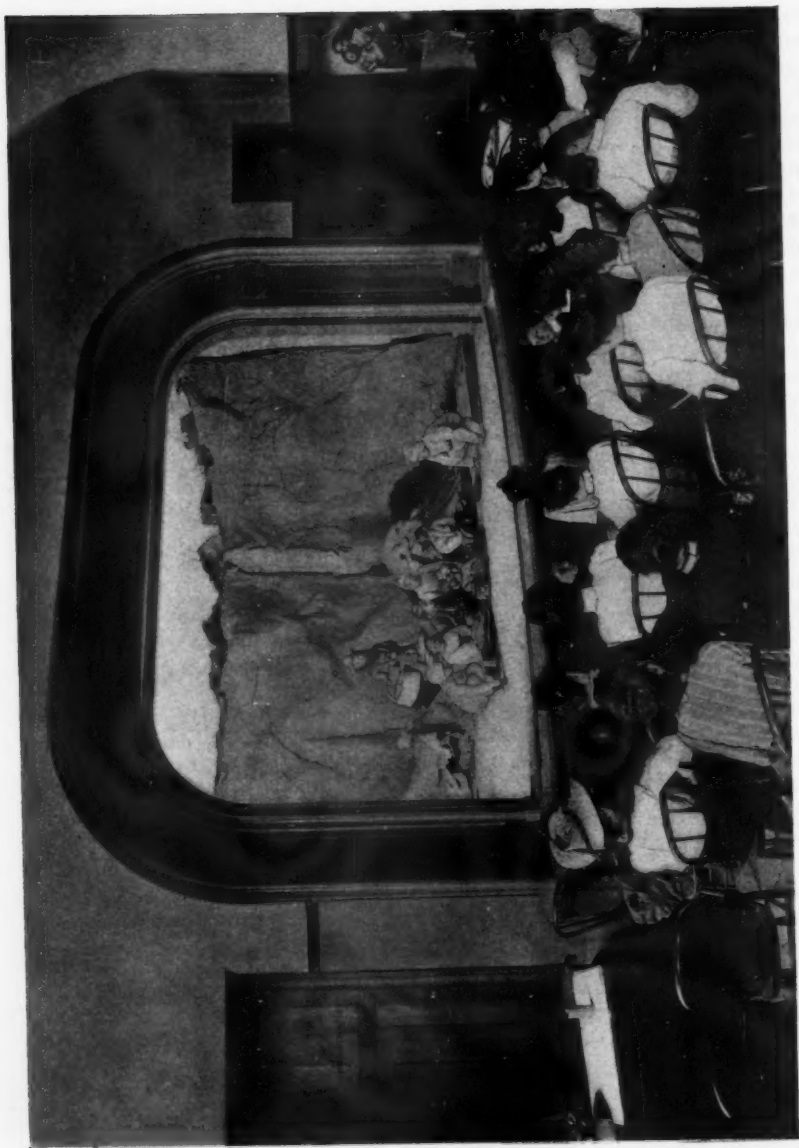
The work in manual training finds its complement in what was formerly the South Side Academy, but is now joined with it to form the University High School. The South Side Academy was founded as a university high-school in 1892 to create and maintain the cultural element in education. In it the scholastic instead of the practical studies are taken up, though the aim is the same and each subject is measured by its educational value.

The fourth school which entered into the constitution of the School of Education was the Laboratory School, founded in 1896 by Professor John Dewey in connection with the Department of Pedagogy of the University of Chicago. At the foundation of the University it was determined to make a complete university, one which should touch education at all points, one in which there should be room and opportunity for all, from the child in the kindergarten to the professional man preparing for practice. It was furthermore determined that, while the University should be a teaching force, investigation should be no less its function,

and that the spirit of investigation should enter into all its departments. The preservation of knowledge is important; and merely as conservers of wisdom universities have been of large value; the training of professional men, of teachers, and of other members of society is also highly important; but beyond this a university should always stand for research. It should not only hold and use but should add to the store of knowledge.

With these ideals in mind the Department of Pedagogy early organized the Laboratory, or experimental school. It was not intended, primarily, for the training of teachers, but instead for the investigation of elementary education itself. It was felt that in many ways current elementary education fell short of its purposes. The lack of correlation between the school and the home, the school and society, and the immense waste in the work as commonly conducted were felt to demand serious attention. When barely five per cent. of the pupils of school age reach the high-school, something is wrong either with the school or society. When seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the first three years of a child in school are spent in mastering merely the symbols and forms of learning, it is time to inquire whether this is the best that the teacher can offer.

In earlier years, particularly in America, the school was complementary to home life, and in it was taught only what could not be learned at home. Few years were spent in school; and attention was concentrated upon reading, writing, arithmetic, and certain associated studies. At home, while taking part in the simple household arts of spinning, weaving, candle-making, gardening, harvesting, and the like, the child learned many valuable lessons and stored his mind with useful facts. With the rise of the factory system these household arts have disappeared, and with them have gone many of the child's opportunities. With the growing



#### THE DRAMA IN PRACTICE

In their study of literature the children dramatize simple stories and present them on the stage.

complexity of life and social organization there has been a corresponding decrease of opportunity for the child to get that basis of practical knowledge and that sturdy training which came to his parents and grandparents unconsciously. The environment, particularly in the case of a city-bred child, is so complex as to be largely beyond his comprehension. With these changes in industrial and social conditions the school has not kept pace, and instead of supplementing home life it now approaches the child from a wholly different and often antagonistic point of view. So, too, it is true that a boy leaving school to enter a factory, store, or office has frequently not only to unlearn much that he has been taught, but even to unlearn his very methods of learning.

In an effort to get at the causes underlying these defects in educational machinery, and in hope of pointing out remedies to at least some of them, the University Elementary School was founded. At its outset four fundamental problems were proposed for investigation. These were :

1. What can be done, and how can it be done, to bring school into closer relation with home and neighborhood life—instead of having the school a place where the child comes solely to learn certain lessons ?

2. What can be done in the way of introducing subject-matter in history, science, and all that shall have a positive value and a real significance in the child's own life ; that shall represent, even to the youngest children, something worthy of attainment in skill or knowledge, as much so to the little pupil as are the studies of the high-school or college student to him ?

3. How can instruction in these formal symbolic branches—the mastering of the ability to read, write, and use figures intelligently—be carried on with everyday experience and occupation as their background and in definite relation to other studies of more inherent culture, and be carried on in such a way that the child shall feel their necessity through their connection with subjects which appeal to him on their own account ?

4. What good effects may be obtained by the organization of the school in small groups and the giving of individual attention to each pupil ?

In the work of the school these problems were kept steadily in view, and most encouraging progress was made. In studying them three main lines of work were regularly pursued : (a) Shop-work with wood and tools ; (b) cooking ; (c) work with textiles, sewing, and weaving. It was found that hand-work afforded the most easy and natural method of keeping up in school the attitude of the child out of it. Children learn most from their bodily activities. In the school these were systematized and directed. The various kinds of work involve different kinds of skill and demand different types of intellectual attitude. They also represent some of the most important activities of the everyday world, and hence put the pupil, through studying the simpler activities, into position to understand the complex ones.

Something of what has been found practicable in the enrichment of the course, and in the instruction of the formal symbolic branches in connection with a background of everyday experience and occupations, has been already suggested. It would require many pages to mark the progress along these lines. Gradually a systematic course is being perfected which, it is believed, will prove widely useful. In working out this course, which, it was hoped, would be the one best corresponding to the child's successive wants, the simple expedient has been adopted of following the lead of the child, trying to see what interested him most at each stage, and what steps were necessary in order for him to solve his own problems. It is not to be expected that exactly this course will be followed elsewhere. The work is frankly experimental ; and the purpose of making any experiment is to gain knowledge, which makes it unnecessary to repeat the experiment. In work of this kind small groups of children only could be handled, but from it should come principles which may be used in teaching somewhat larger groups.

With the consolidation of the various schools the methods and problems of the Experimental School became those of the School of Education as a whole, with Professor Dewey as Director, a position which he has recently resigned to take up work in Columbia University. This union brought up many problems, but a common factor upon which all could unite was found in the earnest purpose to treat education as a study rather than a fixed régime.

Such are the factors which have become grouped in the School of Education, and such are the purposes underlying its work. To the question of results a partial answer only can be made. The Manual Training School and the Normal, from which the Chicago Institute descended, can point to a large number of successful graduates. The other schools were younger and have trained fewer pupils. An experienced teacher, who had in his classes children from the old Experimental School, says that in reasoning powers they were fully the equal of the ordinary college freshman. If this be generally true, it is but fair to expect a

shortening of the school period, with a corresponding saving of time and money.

With the union of so many promising educational agencies it is but fair to expect a much better correlation and a more systematic arrangement of educational work. There has been heretofore a sad overlapping and duplication of effort resulting from the differences in the origin and history of the kindergarten, elementary, intermediate, and high schools, the colleges, the universities, the normal and professional schools. Now there is an opportunity to determine what economy may result from the closest possible coöperation, what the university may do for the elementary school, and what sort of pupils the latter may send to the university when both are in full accord.

This close organization of a multitude of separate schools is a great experiment, and the outcome will be watched with interest. That the past is but the earnest of the future is the hope not only of the many who have contributed of time, of money, and of thought, but of the friends of secondary education everywhere.

## THE LEADER

BY GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

The wind swept toward him, and the sunlight glanced  
 From his bright armor; but the smoke and dust  
 Hid all his comrades in a train august  
 Trailed from his, as in splendor he advanced.  
 We deemed him leader, yet he merely chanced  
 To be where all things round him could adjust  
 To his position wind and sun, and thrust  
 On him a prominence naught else enhanced.  
 O blame not wind or storm, nor envy him!  
 What though the world unwisely rate his worth?  
 Who, who for this would choose a rôle so mean,  
 So distant from the clouds that always dim  
 The central fight?—It is one law of earth  
 That godlike leaders work, like God, unseen.



# CHARACTERISTICS OF SENATOR HOAR

By JOSEPH M. ROGERS

In the death of George Frisbie Hoar the Senate has lost its most marked personality, the country one of its purest and ablest statesmen, and the world one of its best citizens. It would be idle to impute to him all the virtues or to deny him his share of failings. He was a very human man. His passions were strong and his judgments positive. On some public measures he was unduly dogmatic. Often he indulged in personalities; his partizanship was bitter. On occasion he could even be waspish and distinctly disagreeable. Nevertheless the judgment of his peers has been for many years that his was not only one of the remarkable intellects of our time, but that in those fundamental qualities which go to make up a great character he had few equals in public life

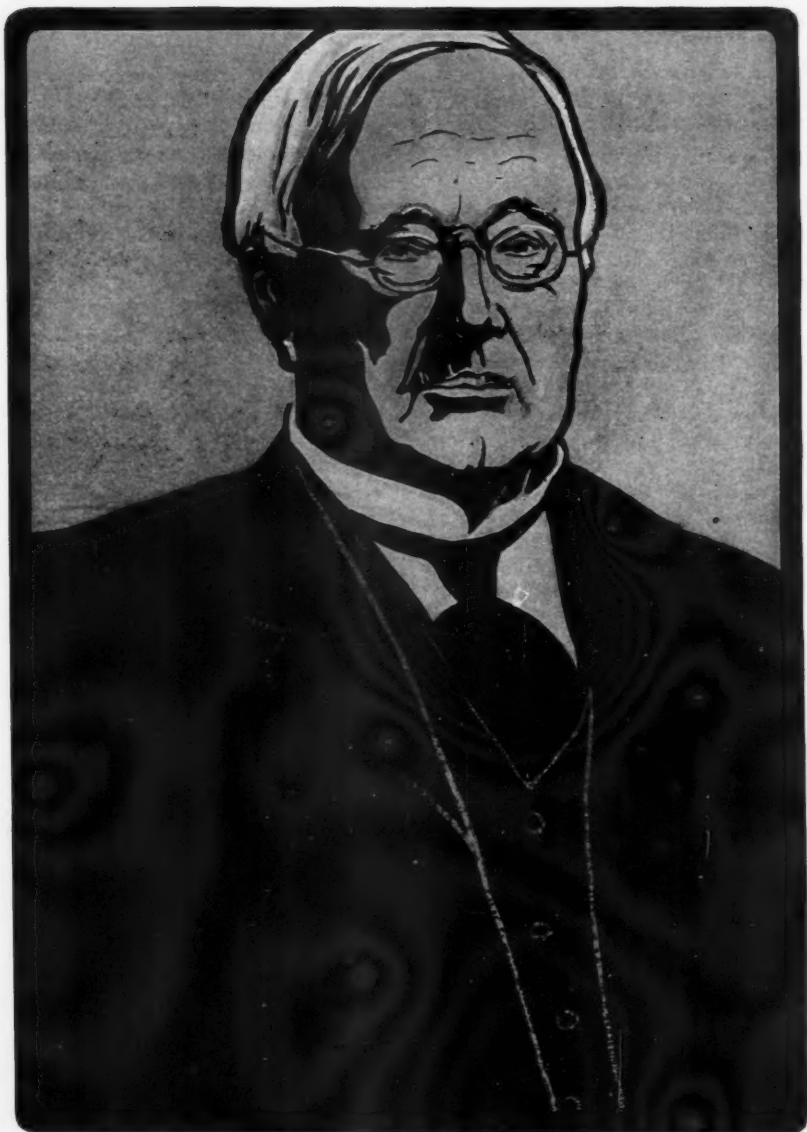
Descendant of a line of distinguished ancestors running back to Roger Sherman, he early showed capacity for high service. He died in harness after a service in Congress extending over thirty years, and was so poor that all this time he lived in a boarding-house in Washington and had only a modest cottage at his home in Worcester. Last February I overheard him say with the utmost frankness that he could not make a small purchase because he had found that his bank account was overdrawn, and he must send his salary to make it balance. It was just after he had buried his wife. He left a small legacy in worldly goods, but the nation has seldom had a richer heritage in character.

That he should have been maligned and misunderstood was inevitable. He

gave hard blows and took them freely. He asked no consideration of anyone. He stood on his own feet. He feared no man, besought none, and believed in others as he believed in himself. This does not mean that he was austere; on the contrary, he was one of the kindest of men. He was not ambitious in the ordinary sense of the word; he cared little for the things which most men look upon as prizes. Had he so desired, he might have made a fortune at the bar and retired with dignity to the bench, whose highest honors he frequently refused.

He might have entered public life in 1848 when he was urged to go to the Legislature; could have gone to Congress at barely the legal age; but aside from a few brief terms in the Legislature, he refused such honors until middle life. He was nominated for Congress while in Europe and against his expressed wishes, was re-elected three times, and was about to retire to the practice of his profession once more when he was elected to the Senate in 1877.

Senator Hoar boasted of being a Puritan. In no man was there ever more concentrated that wonderful wealth of imagination and sentiment united with a very practical way of viewing the thing at hand which characterizes the Puritan temperament. As a corporation manager or a preacher he would have been equally successful. His wealth of sentiment, which was the complement of sound business sense, found ready expression in his writings and in his speeches. The forum of the Senate is not the usual place for fine language, but he adorned his more important speeches with rare



AN IMPRESSION OF SENATOR HOAR

*Drawing by Louis H. Ray*

eloquence and beauty of literary form. His after-dinner speeches were marvels of wit, eloquence and felicity. It was one of the proudest nights in the life of the dead statesman when, at the request of the intelligence and social flower of South Carolina, he spoke at a dinner in Charleston whence his father had been expelled by force when he went to represent the State in connection with some litigation touching escaped slaves. The Senator's lips were touched as with a coal of fire from the altar as he spoke of the relations of North and South, past and present and yet to come.

Perhaps the one characteristic which makes Hoar shine conspicuously above all his fellows was that he was instinctively and fundamentally a literary man. There have been few such ripe scholars in Congress; none who ever remained long. His scholarship was more profound than that of Sumner because he loved and could read men as well as books. It was less formal than that of Everett, which was so largely classical. Hoar loved nature and mankind and literature, and the three were never to be totally differentiated in his mind. Shakespeare's works and the Bible were open books to him, and his unusual purity of diction was doubtless due to the fact that he knew them almost by heart. His library was not large; his shelves were filled not with rare bindings but with choice books which were much worn with reading. He was a transcendentalist as much as Hawthorne, a constructive statesman as much as Clay, a constitutionalist as much as Webster, and a hard-headed Yankee in addition.

Considering how rich were the stores of his mind it is remarkable that he wrote so little. As a busy man he relied constantly on stenographers; and when not many months ago he determined to prepare his autobiography, he dictated it all in a few weeks—about seven. These two large volumes have

been read with absorbing interest here and in England, not only for their humor and their fund of historical knowledge but because of their rare literary style. Yet he scarcely made any corrections either in manuscript or proof-sheets.

In Massachusetts he never had the slightest hesitancy in taking what seemed to be the unpopular side of any question, even when such action seemed to threaten his political existence. When others were timid he was bold. He denounced Butler when that wily politician controlled the federal patronage of the State. He denounced Grant at a time when the General was the popular idol of the State, and claimed with much truth to have been responsible for his defeat at Chicago in 1880.

With all his independent spirit Hoar was content to remain in his party. He pointed to the political orphans of prominence who had left the party and found no resting place or influence anywhere. There was always a substratum of good New England sense about his views on any topic. I once overheard someone complain to him that he was inconsistent because when a certain measure to which he was opposed was grinding through the Senate he succeeded in having it amended in many particulars—after which he voted against it. This excited him not a little. It was to him inexplicable that a man of any sense at all could not see that if a measure was bound to pass it was better to perfect it as far as possible.

When the break came with McKinley over the ratification of the Treaty of Paris ceding the Philippines, there were none in Washington to doubt Hoar's integrity, least of all the President, with whom he remained on friendly terms and whose premature death he mourned so sincerely. His speech on McKinley is unquestionably the finest tribute paid him or the nation. The fight against ratification was a bitter one and almost succeeded. When it was over Senator

Hoar showed neither disappointment nor bitterness, merely remarking: "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." For though in the heat of debate he would become testy, his anger passed in a flash and he never cherished resentment.

Ordinarily he was not only affable but his courtesy was notable. Unlike many senators he was exceedingly approachable. He usually sat at the head of the long table in his committee room, meeting all comers with urbanity, treating the humblest with as much consideration as the mightiest.

He was a sterling patriot, and it would be idle to say that he did not feel aggrieved at the insinuation that he was a traitor in the Filipino matter. He declared that he had opposed his party many times and had always seen it come to his way of thinking, and he expected it would do so in this particular case. There was possibly something of arrogance in his manner of making such statements, but he believed in himself and his views.

What probably wounded Senator Hoar more than anything else in his career was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called Slaughter House cases, which practically nullified the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments so far as giving the negroes citizenship and the ballot. He considered that this blow to the negro race was almost irreparable, that it would bring many troubles in its train; and though he would not despair of the Republic he felt that it meant that much of the work would have to be done all over again. In this he seems to have been a prophet.

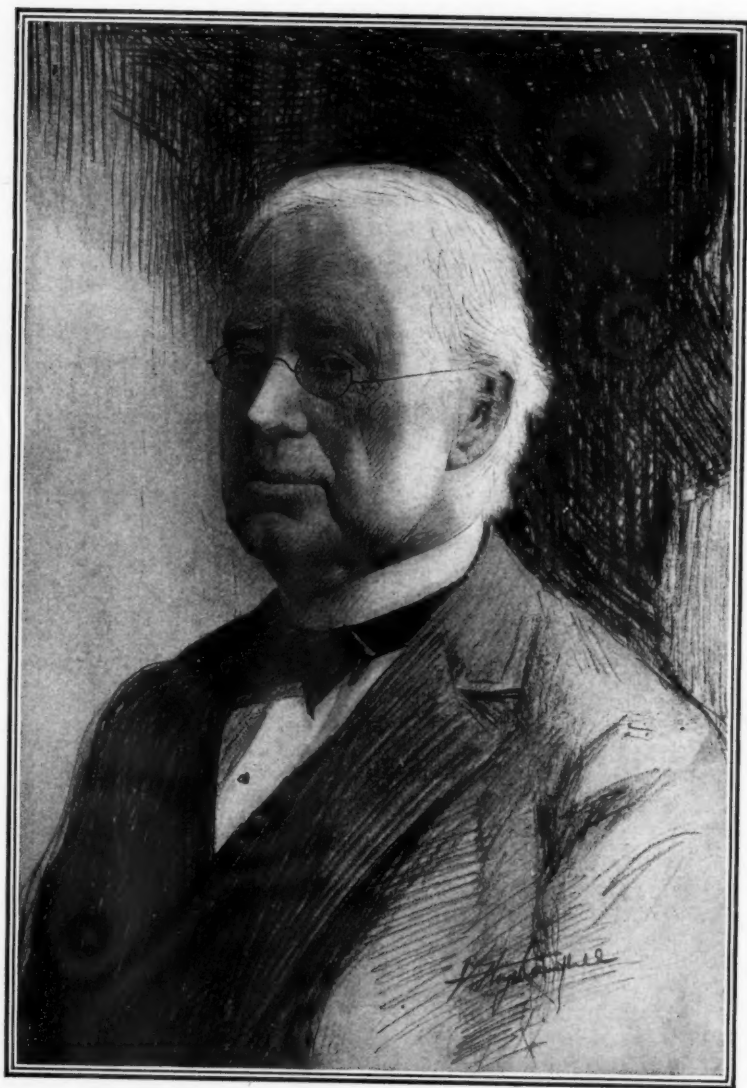
In his frequent travels abroad he was anxious to see the ancient fanes of historical interest, but aside from them he loved to be in the country. He remained up a whole night in England in the hope of hearing a nightingale sing, and was much disappointed at failure. He loved nature with an intensity of

passion such as few men have exhibited. On his walks in the country he was a charming companion, bubbling over with humor, replete in anecdote, and particularly enjoying anything that put himself in a plight. Even Thoreau fell below him as an interpreter of nature because Hoar could find more than sermons in stones or books in the running brooks; he could find that joyous uplifting of the soul which made him love God and man better. In religion he was a Unitarian, and one of the last and most graceful acts of his life was to secure as chaplain of the Senate his lifelong friend, the beloved Edward Everett Hale. His religion was not of the demonstrative kind, but his convictions were deep, his sympathies broad, and his charity for beliefs of others unfailing. He believed in the joyous life, the intellectual life, and the spiritual life in harmony with the teachings of nature and reason and of revelation as he understood it.

Great as was his intellectual calibre, large as were his services to the country, posterity will remember the man longer than the senator. His was a mighty heart, a lofty mind, a noble soul—the more admirable because of his human weaknesses which brought him into close touch with all mankind.

The value of such a force in politics, in literature, and in society at large can never be fully appreciated until after death. It may take years to fix his rank as a statesman, but the real man is known as well today as he will be in generations to come. He was no preacher; but he consciously sought to inspire others to loftier aims, to a higher life, and to greater achievements. That he succeeded will be the testimony of many who have come within the spell of his influence.

*Joseph M. Rogers*



GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR



*Photograph by Alice Boughton*

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON



# THE CAREER OF A GREAT ACTRESS

## THE ART AND PERSONALITY OF MISS MATTHISON

Two years ago, in October of 1902, those persons who were wise enough to go to the initial performance of *Everyman*, given at Mendelssohn Hall in New York, had as reward for their wisdom the pleasure of a distinctly novel sensation.

They saw a play given without any of the accessories which have for long been considered indispensable to the success of even the most modest dramatic production; with no scenery, no stage furniture, no footlights, no curtain; a play with little action, with scanty dialogue, and with a *motif* as solemn as the most earnest sermon ever preached. Unheralded by the press-agent who usually runs before a new theatrical venture, *Everyman* was in our midst before the majority of us had heard of the play.

What was it like? we queried. Would it "take" with a public which was sated with the best and with the worst of dramatic art? With countless rival plays, appealing both to the highest and the lowest sides of humanity, to "the lust of the eye" and to "the pride of life," it was natural to ask: how would this innovation fare?

At first unknown, unappreciated save by the few who are always on the alert for what is best and finest in art, *Everyman* slowly but very surely won its way to the front rank of success. Much was due to the intrinsic beauty of the old morality play, much to its quaint setting, much to the exquisite pictures of its *ensemble*; but unquestionably the chief thing which appealed to the theatre-going public was the marvelous acting of Miss Matthison in the title

rôle. As *Everyman* she portrays almost all the human emotions, from light-hearted indifference and a full-blooded enjoyment of life and its good things, through incredulity, fear, anger, rebelliousness, supplication, despair, repentance, confession, pain, resignation, and submission, to final peace. That one woman should be able to express all these phases of feeling, and to sustain the part for almost two hours of uninterrupted effort, would be marvel enough; but Miss Matthison is *Everyman* for those two hours, and her tears are as genuine at the one hundredth performance as they were at the first. Therein lies her power; in her absolute sincerity, and in her absorption in her part. And how beautiful she is! Eloquent eyes, mobile mouth, and hands so full of expression and of feeling, that they alone tell the story, without any need of words!

Establishing her reputation with this one *tour de force*, she has, during the past year, endeared herself to us also as Rosalind, Viola, Portia, Adriana, and other heroines. And now we want to know more about her; more about the woman behind the artist. People are asking how long she has been upon the stage, what she means to do in the future, and countless other questions about her career and character.

Edith Wynne Matthison was born in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England—in Shakespeare's own county. Surely that was a fitting birthplace for the child who was to become one of the subtlest interpreters of the Master's art. Her mother—as Miss Kate Wynne—had been well known as a Welsh singer,

though we hear more frequently of her sister, Madame Edith Wynne, after whom the future actress was named. Her father's brother, Arthur Matthison, dramatist and actor, played with Sir Henry Irving and with Booth; and the child therefore came naturally by her histrionic gifts.

She is the only daughter of her father's house, and on his side her blood is Scotch, so that in her we have another result of that blending of the varied strains of Anglo-Saxon and Celt that has given the world so many of its famous men and women.

In December of 1896 Miss Matthison essayed musical comedy, at Blackpool; entering, twelve months afterward, upon emotional drama, as exemplified in *A New Magdalen* and *The Sorrows of Satan*. In December of the following year, 1897, she joined Mr. Ben Greet's company, with which she has remained ever since, save for a short season during which she played the leading part of Violet Oglander in Henry Arthur Jones' modern comedy, *The Lackey's Carnival*, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

She made her débüt as a member of Mr. Greet's forces, as Miladi in *The Three Musketeers*, at Woolwich, early in 1898, and in the six years since then she has appeared in twenty-two Shakespearean parts, as well as Peg Woffington, Lady Teazle, Kate Hardcastle, Lydia Languish, Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, Clara Douglas in *Money*, Angela in *The Royal Family*, and many other characters.

Her first appearance in this country was, as I have already stated, at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, in the autumn of 1902, and she acted exclusively in *Everyman* during the following winter. In May, 1903, she played Rosalind in two out-door performances of the forest scenes from *As You Like It*, given at Columbia University; and no one who saw that most lovely presentation

will ever forget the charm of her acting as she flashed in and out among the trees, as elusive and as bright as the sunbeams that followed her every movement.

During the latter part of May and the early part of June the company gave open-air performances of *As You Like It*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Sad Shepherd* at most of the leading colleges of the country. Miss Matthison then went home to England for three months, returning to this country last autumn, when she appeared in Boston in *Twelfth Night*, *The Star of Bethlehem*, *Everyman*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. She also played the part of Peg Woffington in two performances of *Masks and Faces*, given for the benefit of Hampton Institute; and with the aid of several other members of Mr. Greet's company she gave an exquisite performance, at a private entertainment, of *King René's Daughter*, in which her acting of the blind Iolanthe was one of the artistic events of the winter. In New York *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Everyman*, and *She Stoops to Conquer* were given, and during May and June the company repeated its last year's tour among the colleges and principal cities.

The one adverse criticism that has been made of Miss Matthison's acting is that she lacks humor. Is it not possible, rather, that we as a nation lack the deepest appreciation of humor? We are clamorous, usually, to have our fun so palpable that there shall be no mistaking it; like children, we want our jokes to be so apparent that the answering laugh may be quick and loud; and so we miss, very often, the finer nuances of wit which are so striking in foreign literary art, and which arise from the almost invariable intermingling of humor and pathos. Rosalind, for all her gay spirits, cannot always forget that she is a banished woman; Viola, despite her brave light-heartedness, remembers that she is alone in a strange country, with small hope of having her love returned.



Photograph by Alice Boughton

"ROSALIND"

So why should these two be always mirth-provoking?

Miss Matthison, in accenting the sadness as well as the gladness of her different parts, may simply be proving that she has a keener insight into Shakespeare's real meaning than the critics have. We do not accuse Dusé of being all sombre merely because she is so in *La Citta Morta*; therefore, before we condemn Miss Matthison as lacking in humor, let us consider her Beatrice.

In July, 1898, Miss Matthison was married to Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, who has acted with her ever since that time. To those who know them it is impossible to think of them apart—so charming are they in their utter simplicity and their singleness of purpose.

Mrs. Kennedy turns instinctively to her husband for criticism and advice, and he holds her unswervingly and loyally to her highest ideals, even while he is

enthusiastic in his pride and joy in her achievements. Therefore it may not be out of place to say a word about the husband as well as the wife.

Charles Rann Kennedy comes of a long line of distinguished scholars. His great-grandfather, Dr. Rann Kennedy, was Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School in Birmingham, and had the training of such men as Lightfoot, Westcott, and others of their type. His father was Edmund Hall Kennedy, and oddly enough the family name of Hall is derived from the same original stock as that to which Shakespeare's son-in-law, Mr. John Hall, belonged; as also the other family name of Rann comes from the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Rann, formerly Vicar of Coventry, who officiated at the marriage of Mrs. Siddons. He was a great Shakespearean scholar as well as a classicist, and the present Rann Kennedy



Photograph by Alice Boughton

"EVERYMAN"

inherits both his love for Shakespeare and his love for the classics, and is a widely-read man.

Mr. Kennedy's grandfather, Judge Charles Rann Kennedy, who edited the standard *Demosthenes*, was one of the four "Kennedy brothers," all of them famous as classical scholars—one of them being Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, and the compiler of the

Latin Grammar which bears his name.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have known each other from childhood, and their love story was the natural unfolding of their growth. It is a pretty fancy to imagine the two children playing together in the very woods and fields where had roamed the boy Will Shakespeare, whose genius has proved so large a factor in their united lives.

Mr. Kennedy studied for the church;

*Photograph by Alice Boughton*

"LADY MACBETH"

but becoming an uncompromising Socialist he decided to abandon a clerical career. A long suppressed desire to act, coupled with the opportunity of working hand in hand with his wife, led him to choose his present profession. He is, however, more of a student than an actor; and he now purposes to retire from the stage, and devote himself to writing and producing plays for his wife. It has meant much to Miss Matthi-

son's artistic development that she has had the constant companionship of such a nature as her husband's. She is most insistent upon the fact that, while she owes most of her actual stage opportunities and her knowledge of the traditional stage "business" to Mr. Greet, it is to Mr. Kennedy that she is indebted for the larger conception, the deeper appreciation, the intellectual insight, and the spiritual grasp. In a word, while it is

Mr. Greet who has made it possible for her to develop her natural talents by providing her with the right parts and giving her the unfettered opportunity of expressing herself, it is Mr. Kennedy who has always worked out with her the strictly creative aspect of her art.

She has many interesting plans for the future, one of which is a production of *Hamlet* upon which she and Mr. Ken-

Henry Irving's company during the next two seasons, and the American public will have the pleasure of seeing her here in important rôles during the great English actor's tour in 1905.

This sketch aims simply to give some slight impression of Miss Matthison's personality. Those who have seen the spiritual beauty of her *Everyman*, the brilliant witchery of her *Rosalind*, the pathos



Photograph by Alice Boughton

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

nedy have been at work for years. Admirers of Miss Matthison's art will look forward with keen interest to her conception of the many-sided Dane; to them she seems well suited to the part, both physically and mentally. The complex character of the heart-broken Prince of Denmark is one that appeals strongly to her subtle and sympathetic temperament.

Miss Matthison will have an unusual opportunity of showing her ability and versatility as the leading lady of Sir

of her lonely, loving Viola, the sweet abandon of her Portia, the outraged dignity of her Adriana, the exquisite poise of her Gabriel—"Heaven-sent Messenger"—the infinite variety of her Peg Woffington, and the impassioned grief of her *Æglamour the Sad* realize that the future must hold wide recognition for this young actress, scarcely more than on the threshold of her career.

*Antoinette C. Burgess*



# THE WAGGAMAN ART GALLERIES

## A RARE COLLECTION IN DANGER OF DISPERSION

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, began to get together the paintings and Oriental art objects which now constitute one of the most interesting and valuable private collections in this country. From the Morgan sale he obtained a single little vase of Chinese porcelain. When the Brinkley collection was dispersed he was fortunate enough to secure quite a number of rare specimens. A few years later he commissioned Mr. Richard N. Brooke, the president of the Society of Washington Artists and an able critic, to purchase for him paintings of worth from the artists' studios and current exhibitions abroad. To the nucleus thus formed Mr. Waggaman has added year by year as opportunity offered, wisely availing himself at all times of the best expert assistance and raising by elimination as well as acquisition the standard of his collection.

The catalogue of the Oriental art objects—compiled by Mr. H. Shugio, art commissioner from Japan to the Paris, Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions—is considered one of the few reliable sources of information on the subject of Japanese pottery and porcelains, and in French and German translations is to be found in the leading museum libraries of Europe and America.

Mr. Waggaman has housed his collection in two well-appointed galleries adjoining his residence in Georgetown. In one he has arranged with peculiar fitness the oil paintings, potteries, and porcelains; and in the other with good effect the Dutch water-colors, Eastern bronzes, lacquers and the like.

The Oriental art objects, which are of extraordinary beauty and value, outnumber many times the paintings; but upon entering the first gallery it is the double row of masterly canvases rather than the cabinets of ceramics which first attracts attention.

Here, for example, is a large panel-shaped picture showing amid deep gloom a wonderful concentration of golden light, which is the study made by Sir Joshua Reynolds for a portion of the famous window in New College Chapel, London; beyond is a *Madonna and Angels*, beautiful in color and composition, which was painted by Van Dyke while under the Italian influence; and hanging between is a powerful interpretation of a shipwreck by Eugene Isabey. Turning to the west wall the interest is focused by a genre of Israels flanked by a Mauve and a Maris; and glancing toward the east the attention is caught by a Richard Wilson placed between two of Constable's characteristic landscapes.

The Barbizon school is represented by Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Troyon, and Jacques; the French realists by Dagnan-Bouveret, Fromentin, and Doucet; the Dutch by such painters as Israels, Kever, Neuhuys, Mauve, and Maris; the English by David Cox as well as Constable and Wilson; and the American very inadequately by Wyant and Gay. There is variety, yet continuity; diversity in subject and technique, but extreme evenness in merit. No two works could be farther apart than are Corot's realistic interpretations of nature and Richard Wilson's classical landscape compositions; but each

has a related place in this collection as in the broad field of art—the one charming with its gentle, poetic sentiment, the other decorating by its strong, well-arranged masses of color.

The Richard Wilson is an uncommonly good canvas, conventional in composition but extremely characteristic, full of air and light, and showing clever brush-work. The Constables too are considerably above the average, and the David Cox is likewise worthy of special note.

Should an explanation be sought of the present popularity of the modern Dutch school one could not do better than to point to the paintings by Israels, Neuhuys, and Kever which are included in this collection. *Grandfather's Consolation*, by Israels—here reproduced in color—shows an old man seated in a straight-backed arm-chair with his little grandchild on his knee, in a dimly lighted room; the Neuhuys portrays a humble family assembled round a frugal board; and the Kever shows two children happily occupied in amusing a baby. All are literal transcriptions reflecting with evident truth the simple, unaffected life of the peasants. In color and tone, as well as in composition they suggest harmony and sober happiness. They are full of humanity and touch that chord which makes all mankind akin—the fundamental love of home and childhood. Were they, however, less well-painted their charm would be lost. It takes a master brush to tell a simple story. But the same quiet dignity which marks their composition is evident in their rendering, and the skill of the painter is only forgotten in the excellence of his achievement. Some of this same gentle, unobtrusive sentiment finds its way even into the work of the less personal Dutch painters. Mauve manifests it to a great degree; and his picture of sheep coming out of a forest, which hangs to the right of the Israels, is of the kind with which one would gladly live.

From the works of these men it is natural to turn to those of the Barbizon painters, the men who were the pioneers of simple art, the mediators of the brush between man and nature. Millet, with his appeal of the laborer, his message of hardship and toil, of strength and endurance, is well represented by a picture of a peasant farmer slipping on his coat at the close of day in the field where he has been hoeing. There are three Corots—two gray, springlike, tentative; one a study showing in bold relief a dark, rugged group of trees against a sunset sky. There is a single original Rousseau, a small canvas entitled *Evening*; and a copy of another, *Heath at Fontainebleau*, made by Jean Baptiste Millet, the brother of the great painter. Daubigny is represented by three canvases, one of which, *Le Lac*, is peculiarly interesting.

Turning from these interpreters to the literalists, three pictures in particular will attract attention: *The Duet in the Studio*, by Dagnan-Bouveret; *After the Ball*, by Henri Lucien Doucet; and *A Provincial Asylum*, by Walter Gay. The two latter are here represented in color reproductions. In all three technique is paramount. *The Duet in the Studio* is painted with an unusual fidelity of detail, and the accessories in *After the Ball* are rendered in a manner really marvelous. The Gay is perhaps a trifle freer in handling than the others, but it is none the less finished in effect. It is the realist versus the idealist, the letter rather than the spirit, the imitator rather than the creator; but still in the end a wonderful manifestation of inimitable skill, of faithful study, and of careful training. *The Flag of Truce*, by de Neuville—also reproduced in this color group—hangs nearby, and cannot be passed without notice. It is a comparatively large canvas picturing an incident of the Franco-Prussian war. A detail of German officers is being escorted by a guard of French soldiers, under a flag of truce, through a French

town. They are seen passing down a snow-covered, devastated street; and in spite of the protest of the standers-by the distraught widow of a French soldier, bareheaded and with her baby clasped to her bosom, is calling down maledictions upon the heads of the hated enemies. The desolate aspect of the town, the solemn dignity of the blindfolded officers and their guardsmen, and the frenzied expression of the agonized woman combine to make a scene vividly dramatic.

that such a one as this was ever permitted to pass the gates of the Old World. This painting—of which a suggestion is here given in half-tone—is in an excellent state of preservation, and authentic beyond a suspicion of doubt. The central panel is occupied by a picture of the Virgin holding the Infant Christ on her lap. On the doors are painted the figures of a man and a woman kneeling before prayer desks in attitudes of adoration. These are likenesses of William



A FIFTEENTH CENTURY TRIPTYCH

In this sanctuary picture, painted on wood, the kneeling figures are portraits of the donors.

But the gem of the whole collection has as yet not been considered. On an ebony easel at the rear of the room is a quaintly shaped triptych of dark, time-worn wood, painted by Hans Memling who, living between the years 1425 and 1495, was one of the leaders of the early Flemish school. There are today but few of Memling's works in existence, and the majority of these are in the Museum at Brussels and the Bruges Academy; so it is more than wonderful

Moreel, a prosperous fifteenth century merchant, and one of his many daughters, and indicate that the painting was originally intended as a gift for some church. For in those far-off days it was the custom for laymen when ordering a religious picture for a sanctuary to have their own portraits and those of members of their families painted in it. Were the theme a "Crucifixion," they would appear among the mourners; or a "Madonna," as in this case, among

the worshippers. Studying this painting it is easy to comprehend why the Pre-Raphaelites were dissatisfied with modern methods, and what it was they strove to reclaim; for with its remarkable technique there is evinced a sincerity of feeling and a purity of religious thought which in a later day were smothered, if not entirely lost. In the Madonna's face and attitude there is an access of tenderness, and on the face of both the subordinate figures is an expression of true devotion. Much of the beauty of the work is derived from its color-scheme. The robe of the Virgin is a soft rose-red, modulated by falling into many cross folds, and brought into contrast at the neck with a vest of blue; William Moreel's cloak is a gray cloth with a collar of brown fur; and his daughter is pictured in a gown of blue with a vest of red. The floor is a regular mosaic of red and white marble; and behind the figures is seen a dado of blue-green tapestry embroidered in old gold thread, beyond which is set a city on a hill-background, against a clear, blue sky. The technical rendering of this tapestry is one of the most interesting and remarkable features of the painting. So minutely is it done that the weave of the cloth is discernible, yet so well are its values related that it assumes merely a subordinate place in the general composition.

In this article emphasis has been laid upon Mr. Waggaman's gallery of oil paintings. The other equally remarkable features of his collection must receive only passing mention. The exhibit of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean ceramics in the upper gallery contains, for instance, rare vases of the early Christian era, an invaluable tea-bowl of the sixth century, groups of Raven-wing and Black Hawthorn ware, an amphora-shaped vase with mottled sang-de-bœuf glaze whose only rival is in the British Museum, a dozen large celadon plates of the Ming dynasty, choice specimens of the peachblow faience, many varieties

of Satsuma, and thousands more, each having individual interest and a special reason for being included in the collection. And in the basement gallery is a no less fascinating display of jades, crystals, and bronzes; of lacquers in all the varied forms of figures, boxes, panels, and screens; and an especially valuable collection of swords and daggers, some of them of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The collection of Dutch water-colors which has been hung in this lower gallery includes works by a majority of the foremost modern painters and though numbering but a scant half hundred exhibits, represents the best output of the Lowland school.

Though Mr. Waggaman has delegated the purchasing of many of the objects in his galleries to more experienced buyers than himself, he has by no means relinquished the special joy of collecting, and each acquisition has brought with it keen delight. He is not unconscious of the commercial value of his possessions but their first appeal to him has been on the side of pure estheticism. Possibly it is for this reason that he has been so ready to share them, opening his gallery once a week during Lent with a nominal admission fee—paid into the Poor Fund—and freely every Sunday afternoon to artists and others specially interested.

That this collection should be involved in Mr. Waggaman's recent failure, and that on account of his present financial embarrassment it must be dispersed, is the source of deep regret. As one of the finest Oriental art collections in the world, and because of the character and value of the paintings, its dispersal will prove one of the most notable art sales of recent years; but that the collection cannot be kept together in the possession of one of our great public institutions seems more than unfortunate.

*Lila Mehlman*



COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

AFTER THE BALL  
By LUCIEN DOUCET

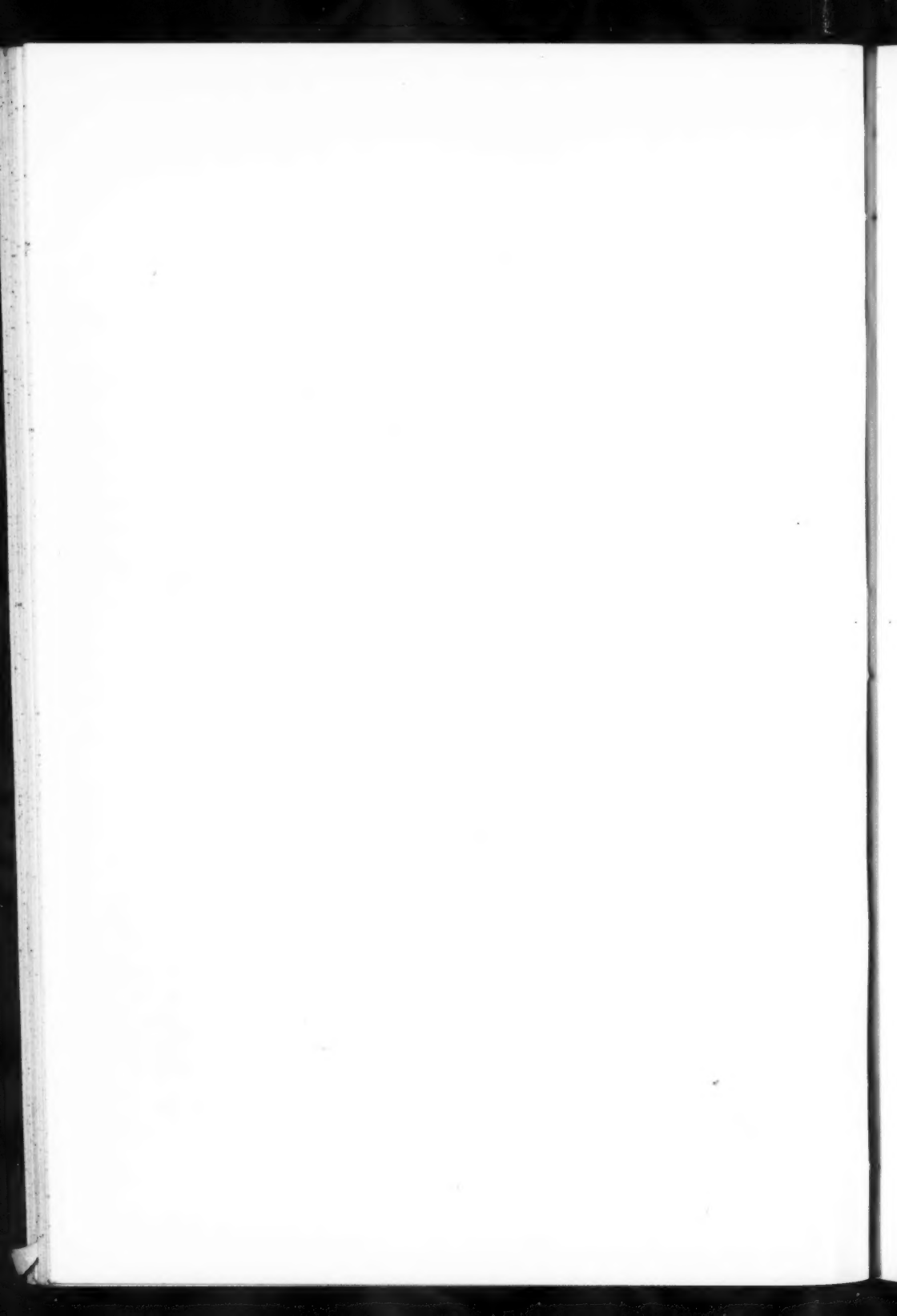






A PROVINCIAL ASYLUM  
BY WALTER GAY

COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

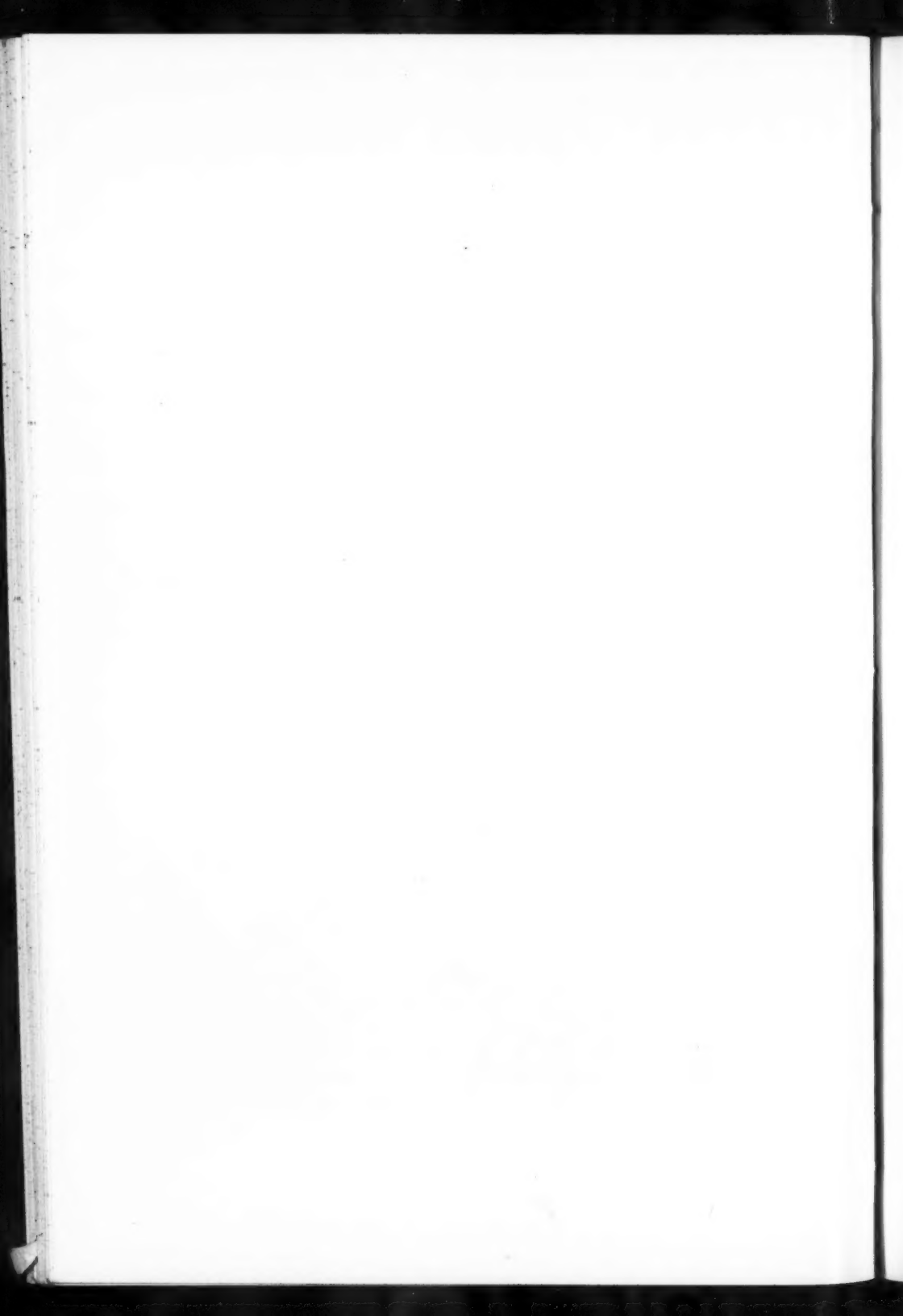




THE FLAG OF TRUCE  
BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE

As a detail of blindfolded German officers passes through the devastated street of a French town, the distracted widow of a French soldier calls down maledictions upon them.

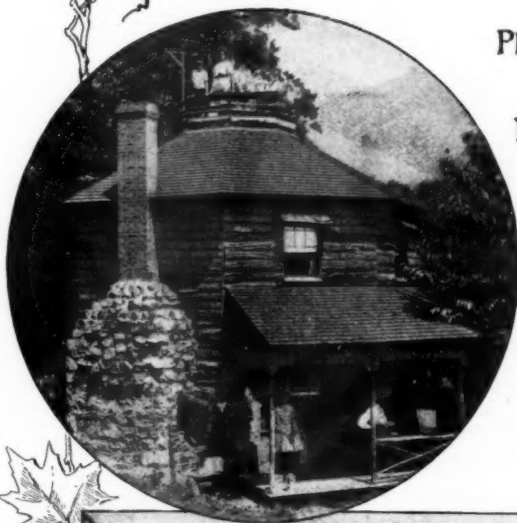
COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

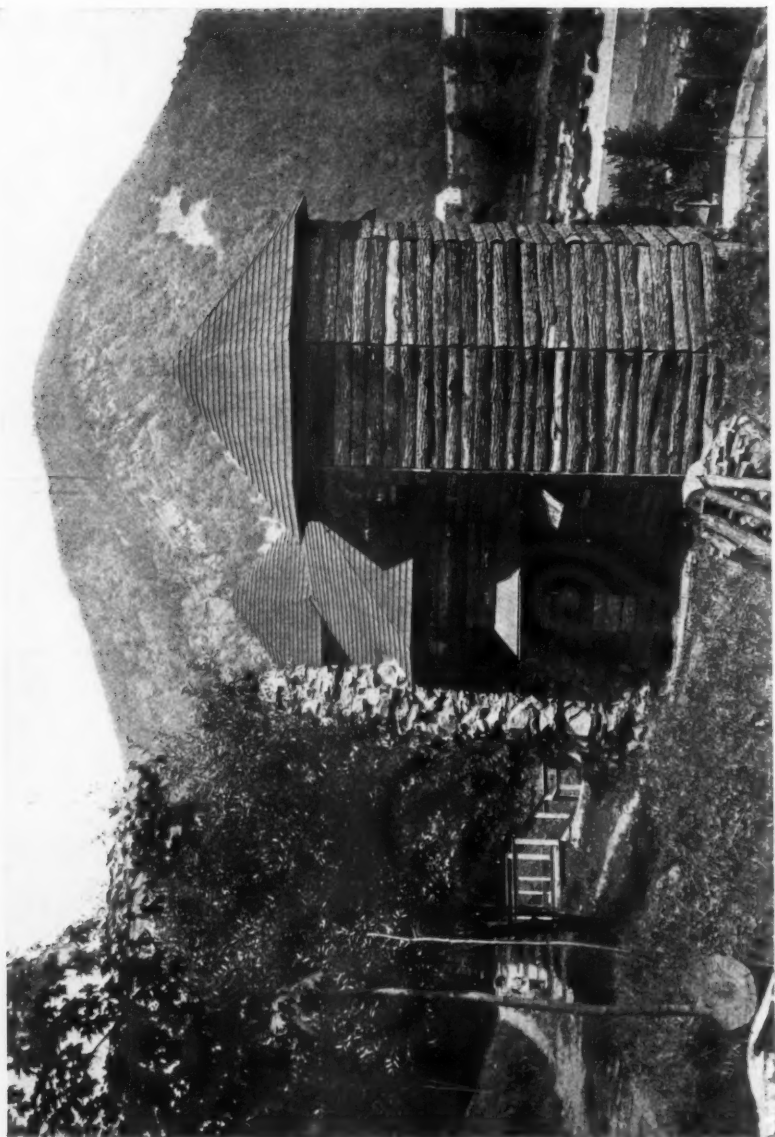


# MOUNTAIN CABINS

Photographs by

PHERE  
WESTCOTT  
HUMPHREYS





This picturesque double-octagon cabin, looking more like a pioneer block house, has a commanding view of the river valley.





A bark cabin with a picturesque chimney over-run with vines. The hammock nooks above the veranda are built to catch the breeze from every quarter.



A massive chimney made of boulders collected from the mountain side.



An octagonal shaped cabin with a wide porch overlooking a broad valley.



A trim conventional cottage nestling among the trees. The big chimney suggests a deep ingle nook.



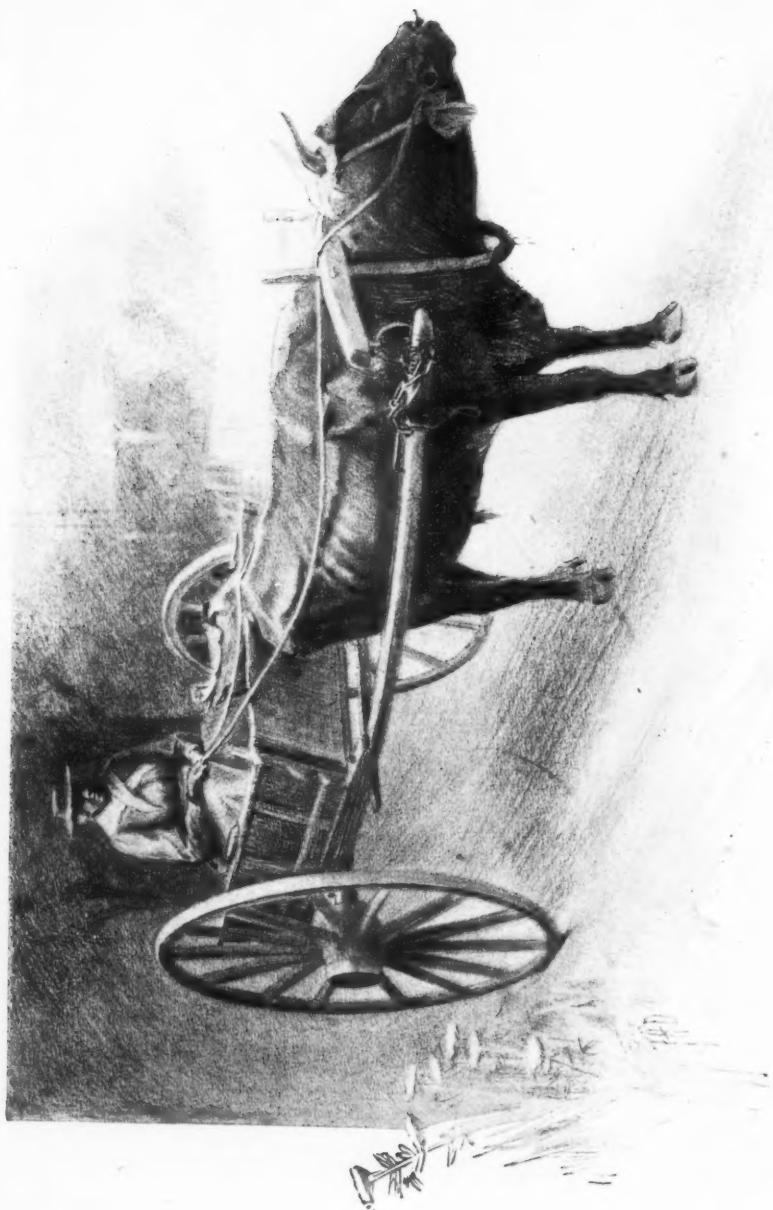
A cabin that is essentially rustic, even the frames of the windows and doors being made of short pieces of saplings.  
The whole effect is very artistic.



A simple bark cabin in the woods. An unusual effect is obtained by the use of short slabs of bark, arranged vertically and horizontally in squares.



A square cabin of stout logs whose straight lines are broken by a deep bay-window. The rough stone chimney is an attractive feature.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET  
A TYPICAL OX-CART OF HAMPTON



# IN AND ABOUT OLD HAMPTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DESCH

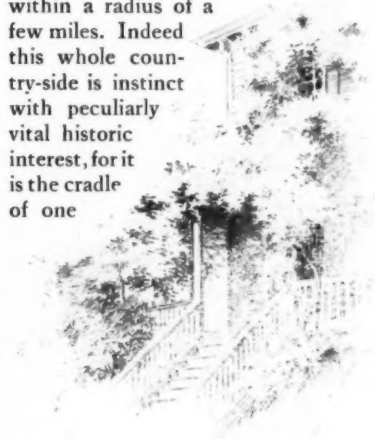
A pleasant suggestion of the mingled pursuits of peace and war salutes the tourist as his vessel steams in from the Atlantic up the broad waters of the lower Chesapeake, and lets go its anchor in Hampton Roads off Old Point Comfort. There are few finer panoramas in the world. Fancy a wide reach of waters that, touching three-fourths of the horizon, extends eastward toward the Atlantic and meets the sky-line in miles of tossing waters with white-capped waves to vary the changing hues. Then as one turns to the right, a low, light line of sand appears, marking the southern limit of Chesapeake Bay and gradually bringing on to this wonderful marine canvas all the varied features of a coast relieved here and there by quiet bays, river mouths, and protecting islands.

A large island lying midway between Old Point Comfort and the southern mainland is occupied by the famous "Rip-raps Fort," now being remodeled by the government to assist effectually in guarding the entrance to the westward waters. This part of the picture contrasts sharply with the eastern and southern views, where the active commercial spirit of the times is reflected through the distant glimpses of the busy cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Newport News. The Roads are sure to be dotted with vessels of all classes, from the tiny one-sail lugger and light torpedo boat to the greatest schooners, steamers, and warships that float. This remarkable assemblage of sea craft is always an astonishing revelation to the visitor, but it is understood when the size of Hampton Roads is considered with the

natural advantages of harbor, quiet maneuvering water, and shores alive with agricultural and manufacturing enterprises.

Ashore at the Point, the civilian mingles with the warrior quite as picturesquely as upon the waters of the unique harbor-strait. In the sun parlors of the roomy hotel, adjacent to the somewhat ramshackle old landing-place, the jaunty young officers who are being trained in the arts of war at grim old Fortress Monroe — whose extended ramparts mark the shore line—hobnob with plain citizens as both look out across the lively Roads.

The old town of Hampton—a quaint and historic village—lies a few miles away on the extreme right of the circling view. From farther up the channel drift distant suggestions and reminiscences of a score of historic spots within a radius of a few miles. Indeed this whole country-side is instinct with peculiarly vital historic interest, for it is the cradle of one

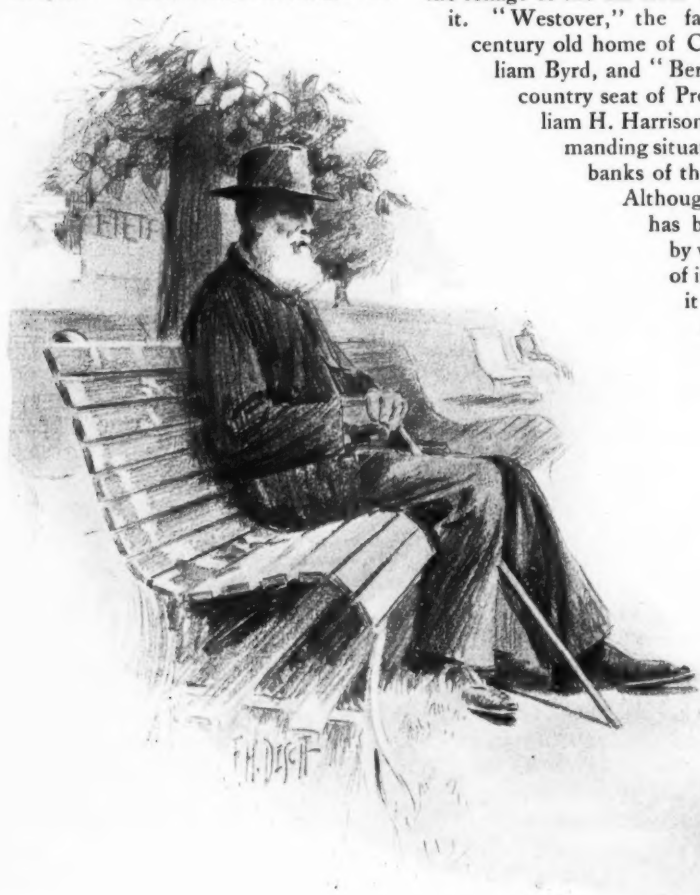


of the most romantic types of civilization ever given by colonists to a new world.

Hampton with its some four thousand inhabitants lies close to the mouth of Hampton River. Its quaint white houses are lost in a veritable maze of willows and pines and mimosas and magnolias. Floral growth is most luxuriant, and not infrequently one may see a house with its broad portico running along the upper story, garlanded and smothered with a tangle of wistaria and creepers. There is little to disturb the

peace and tranquility of the town. The jar and rattle of commerce are seldom heard. While there are few houses of historic interest, on account of the almost total destruction of the town during the Civil War, the country-side is well sprinkled with houses of the old style, recalling the early days of the Commonwealth. Just outside the town is the home of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. It is an odd brick structure placed well back in a beautiful lawn and is partly hidden in the foliage of the old trees surrounding it. "Westover," the famous two-century old home of Colonel William Byrd, and "Berkeley," the country seat of President William H. Harrison, have commanding situations on the banks of the James.

Although Hampton has been robbed by war of most of its heritages, it boasts several institutions of national



WAITING TO BE MUSTERED OUT



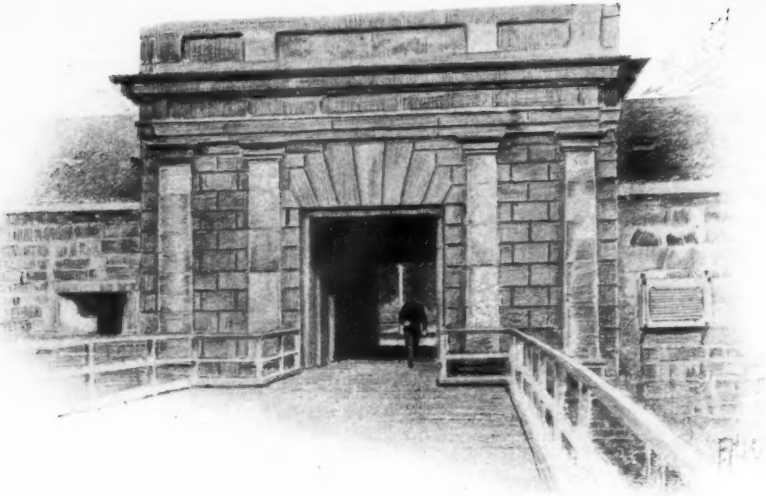
OUT ON THE OYSTER BEDS

importance. The Normal and Industrial Institute for negroes and Indians was founded in 1868, and has done an invaluable service in educating Uncle Sam's wards into intelligent, responsible citizens. When the Institute was first founded it occupied an old barracks used in the Civil War, but now it covers over two hundred acres of land, laid out with picturesque effect, and containing more than fifty-five buildings. Booker T. Washington graduated here in 1875. The National Soldiers' Home, where the old veterans on perpetual furlough have pitched their camp awaiting the final mustering-out, lies on a little bluff

overlooking the harbor, and houses something like three thousand souls. Close by is the National Cemetery with its more than three thousand dead.

The poorer section of the town is given over largely to the negroes. The cabins, in many instances, are patched and rickety; fences are left in dilapidated condition; and all over the yards there is a wild growth of hollyhocks and weeds.

As the visitor watches the strange assortment of vessels moving in and out through the Roads he half-wishes that by some caprice time could turn back and permit him to pass in review all



THE OLD FORT GATE

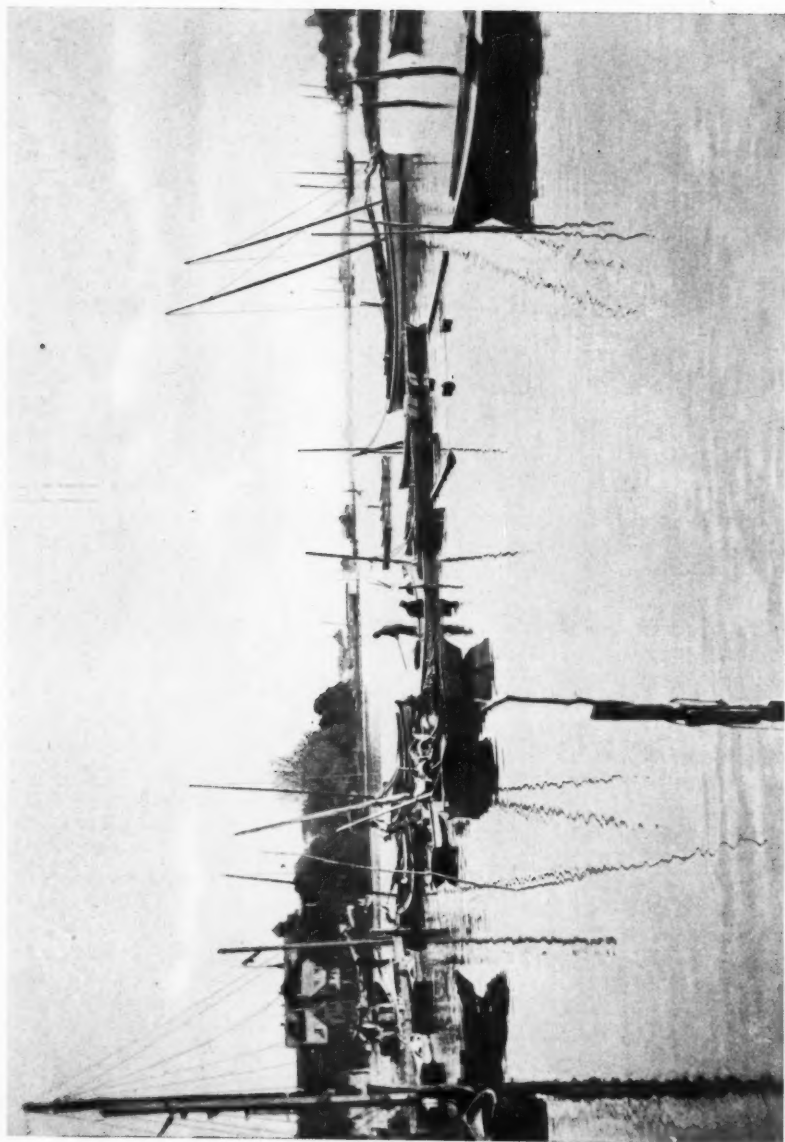
those vessels whose keels at some time glided through the channel. What an imposing and inspiring spectacle it would be for the eye of a patriotic American observer! First would come the Spanish galleons of the adventurer Ayllon, who in 1526 beheld this wondrous stretch of waters with the appreciative eyes of civilization. Four score years pass, and a little fleet of intrepid English colonists comes up the Bay, to found the first permanent English settlement in America. This very neck of land, beside which their vessels found a sheltering bight, they name Point Comfort. But fair Virginia proves inhospitable, and a June day in 1610 sees a company of sixty haggard men drift out with the tide to seek again the shores of England. Hardly have they ceased looking back on the land that had brought them nothing but misery when a cry draws their eyes seaward. There, as if conjured up to baffle an adverse fate, are three great ships of England, bringing good tidings and provisions. Courage is revived, and the settlers turn back to their arduous task of winning the wild-

erness. Presently appears the black-hulled slave ship of 1619, with its wide wake of blood and ruin; and then follow intermittently fleets of trading vessels. As the historic panorama slowly unrolls, British blockading squadrons of two wars hover about; murderous looking pirate ships slink along the coast; the ever-increasing line is obscured by the smoke of the first steam-propelled vessels; the fighting ships of the Civil War prowl about; the Monitor and Merrimac fight their memorable duel for naval supremacy; and last in line come the imposing ships of today.

It is expected that here in 1907, at the time of the tercentennial celebration of Jamestown, will be brought together the greatest assembly of vessels of war and peace the world has ever seen, and the event is looked forward to with quickened interest. The United States is not alone in taking a hand; already the greatest naval European nations have assured their cordial support. Every type of war vessel as well as those of the merchant marine now afloat will be represented, and in addition an



"SPOTS! GIT YUH FRESH SPOTS!"

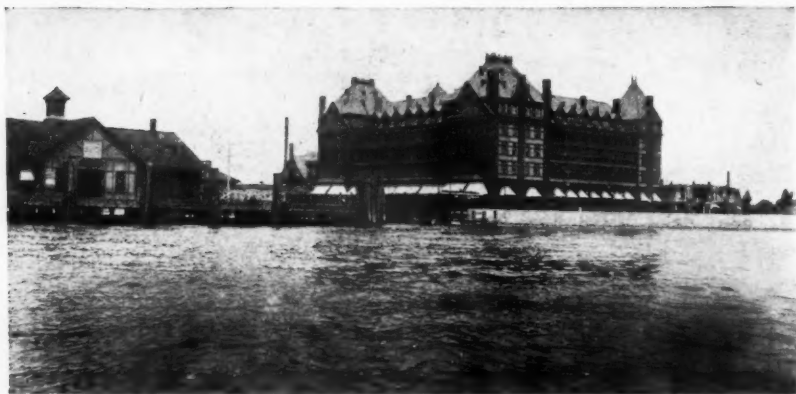


THE FISHING FLEET





A GLIMPSE OF THE BEACH



THE STEAMER-LANDING AT THE POINT

effort will be made to get together vessels representing all the steps of development from the most primitive periods.

In the town of Hampton today there is little that holds identity with the days of the cavaliers of old Virginia, but St. John's Church, half-buried in the shade

of venerable mimosa and willow trees, gathers its mute congregation of broken and weather-stained gravestones about it, holding the faith through the centuries. The church bears evidence of the wreckage wrought by three wars. During the Revolution it was partly destroyed



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOUSE





THE OLD CABIN HOME

by British shells. The good people of Hampton today are proud of the fact that here the first shot of Virginia was fired in the Revolutionary War, when George Nicholas, the sturdy leader of a motley band of Virginia musketeers drove off an attacking force bent on looting and destroying the town. In 1813, Hampton was subjected to another ordeal when Admiral Warren sent a force of over three thousand English troops to destroy it. The defense was weak, the town fell and was sacked and burned. In the Civil War the town bowed to the sword of the Confederate forces. Out of the smoke and ruin, the Court House, the desolated walls of the church and seven or eight buildings alone remained. For several years the space between the charred walls of the church was used as a public thoroughfare, but in 1867 it was restored. It is now the third oldest church in America. A pretty story is

told that when the church was built in 1660 the royal arms were carved upon the steeple, but shortly after the signing of the Declaration of Independence the steeple was shattered by lightning and the royal insignia hurled to the ground.

Much of the present day homely life of Hampton is of picturesque interest to the visitor, whether this life is typified in the good-natured old mammy driving her ox-cart to market, or the brown-skinned, barefooted little fellows, carrying strings of fresh, shining fish, and crying out in a high monotone, "Spots, git yuh fresh spots," or by others of the many characters who eke out a humble living in the old town. At all hours of the day the wharves at the foot of King Street, shady and cool and off the main thoroughfare, are alive with watermen busied with their work. Anchored off the shore, up and down the stream, are craft of every imaginable type; the little flat-bottomed crab boats; long, nar-

row canoes, with their rakish masts; sail-boats and yachts of graceful lines; odd looking oyster boats; and the larger vessels engaged in the coasting trade.

The canoe, or as the darkey who sails it says, "kin-nuh," seems the prevailing type. At the peep-o'-day dozens of these little fishing boats, with their leg-o'-mutton sails spread, make their way out into the Roads for the daily haul. Then at nightfall as the canoes one by one, or in small fleets, sail in and drop anchor off the wharves, or are fastened to the stakes sunk in the stream, the scene becomes one of great animation. While the fishermen have been watching their lines out in the Roads, an army of clam-gatherers has been at work along the shore. With buckets or baskets tied over their shoulders, they grope about knee-deep in the water when the tide is out, quick to spy out the clams half-imbedded in the sand. When the day's work is over, with a snatch of song they come



IN THE MOONLIT WOODS



MAMMY

in to add their share to the general hubbub.

The crab-gatherers constitute a special and interesting class of fishers. Half reclining all day in the bows of their little bateaux, they pull to and fro along the crab lines, watching for the first sign of a bite, and ready for a quick, dexterous dip with the hand-net as the crab nears the surface. After their cargoes are transferred to the steam chests of the neighboring crab factory, they

rebat their long lines and coil them in loose piles, liberally sprinkled with salt and carefully covered, ready for the morrow's casting. Canoes are then scrubbed, oil-skins, nets, and lines are gathered together, and everything is made snug and tight for the night.

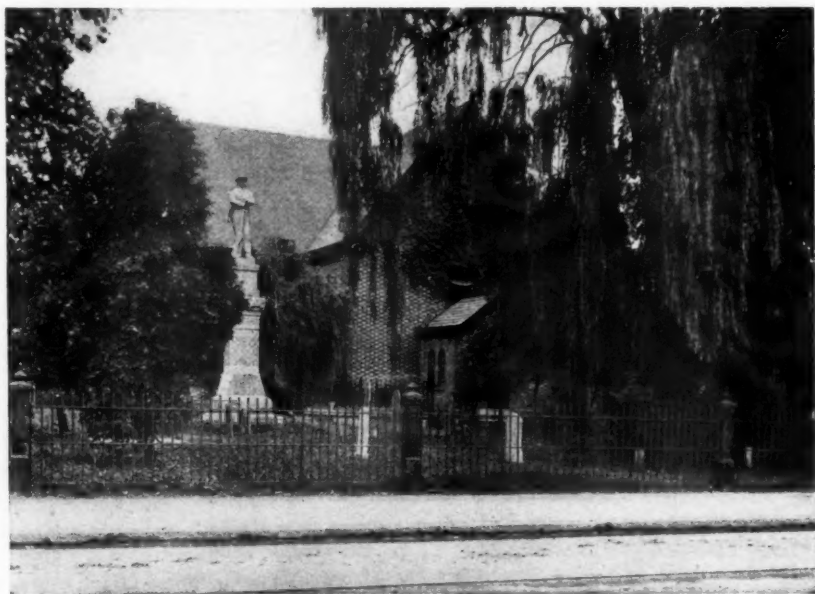
The oyster beds in the shallow parts of the river and out in the Roads are marked out by thousands of little stakes. In late summer the season opens, and the fleet of oyster boats tied up near



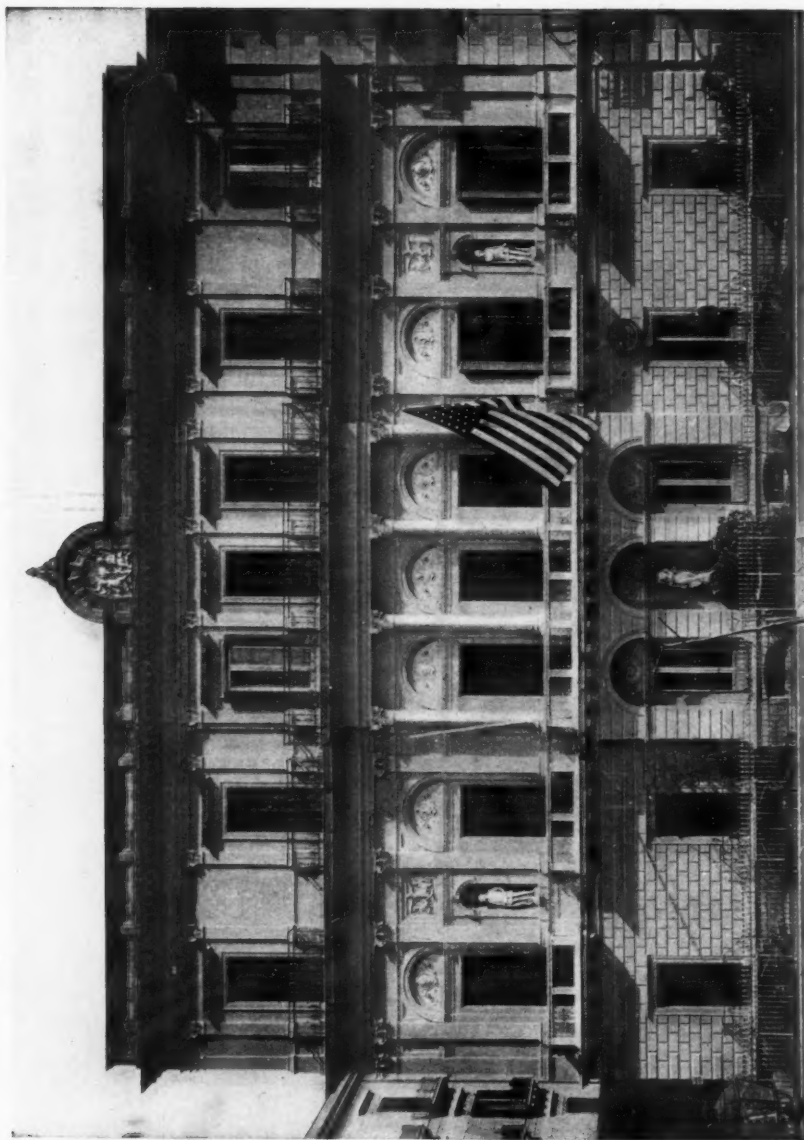
the wharves energetically take up the profitable traffic on a large scale. But often you see a lone figure in an open boat puttering about and groping with a pair of long-handled tongs for enough oysters to supply his family's needs.

Groves of tall, gaunt pines skirt the shore of the harbor in many places and add a dash of sombre color to an otherwise gleaming white beach. The sand piles up in dunes of considerable elevation, sometimes overgrown with scrubby bushes and creeping vines. Fishing quarters here and there are grouped into little camps of half-a-dozen shacks, occupied during the entire year. Before the primitive huts, acres of nets are spread out to dry or are festooned on long poles driven into the sand. The swarthy fishermen, sitting on fish boxes or sea-worn logs, go over the nets carefully to find any weakness or tears. On every hand lie fish-baskets, broken pieces of oars, tar-pots, coils of rope, and stacks of long poles.

There is much of storied interest about Hampton and the Point, but after all is said, its great charm is not in its historic associations nor the picturesque character of its simple industries, but in its broad blue waters and its wide reaches of sandy beach. It is this, summer and winter, that draws thousands of tourists to its borders; tourists who breathe its brisk, invigorating air, sharpened with a touch of salt; who lie on its glistening beach and look up into the blue of a cloudless sky, or out over the bluish-green expanse of the bay. At night they see the blinding white of the beach soften into a mysterious gray, while in the depths of the pines lurk sombre shadows. The gleam of the lightship is reflected from afar over the darkening waters. Out on the still air floats the bugle call of "taps" from the ramparts of the Fort. Under the spell of the hour the visitor is quite sure that the first English settlers of America chose their new home wisely.



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BUILT IN 1660



THE IMPOSING CONSULATE AT PALERMO, ITALY

*Courtesy of the Department of State*

# THE AMERICAN CONSUL: A NEW TYPE

BY JAMES C. MONAGHAN

CHIEF OF THE DIVISION OF CONSULAR REPORTS

It has long been the aim of the national administration, as expressed in words and deeds of the Department of State and the committees of Congress charged with our foreign affairs, to use every means to increase the efficiency of the American consular service. Much was accomplished in the past and is being accomplished in the present. A typically good consular officer is being evolved by the elimination of the objectionable and a refusal to appoint the unfit. This, too, in spite of the heavy handicaps which had to be overcome in the form of political influences in the selection of appointees, niggardliness in salaries and expense allowances, and general lack of comprehension as to possibilities for direct and practical usefulness to trade which the consular service presents when properly conducted. It is beyond question that the evolution now going on is bound to result in real reform. The new type of consul, men like some of those at work in Germany, France, England, Russia, Scandinavia, and the East, are to dominate the entire service.

How many of our manufacturers or merchants know that the American consular service has been thus far, and is now, practically a self-sustaining institution? Where the systems of England and continental Europe cost millions, the American consular service seldom takes more than a few hundred thousands at most out of the national treasury. Quite a number of the consulates pay much more than their running expenses.

The ways in which a consular officer can be of assistance to our merchants

and manufacturers are so numerous that one is at a loss to know just which line leads to the largest and best results. I remember a case in which a European pump maker, on his way back from Chicago, visited an important American firm of pump makers, representing himself as an agent; got them to build him half a dozen pumps; put his name on them; sold several of them in four different parts of the German Empire, north, south, east, and west; used one as a model from which to make others; greased the sixth and held it in reserve against accident—and secured the entire continental trade in that class of pumps, practically excluding the American manufacturers. The firm, after waiting in vain for their "agent" to order, asked an American consul to investigate the matter. The agent was one of the biggest pump makers in the German Empire. He regarded his work as a great joke. He boasted of his success; laughed at the efforts of his discomfited clients to make capital out of his very questionable methods. The investigations of the consul led not only to the exposure of the facts, but they were the beginnings upon which was based an excellent series of consular reports dealing with the patent laws of Germany and other European countries. How helpful all these reports and other consular work of this kind have been is known only to men like the victimized pump makers and the hundreds of American manufacturers and merchants who have had correspondence now and then, on the general subject, with consular officers.



*Courtesy of the Department of State*

#### CONSULAR OFFICE AT CADIZ, SPAIN

General Dubois, during his term of service as Consul General at St. Gall, Switzerland, made undervaluing so unpopular that foreign merchants and manufacturers found it much more profitable to be honest than to be dishonest. His work was worth the best part of a million a year to the United States Treasury. He was followed by T. W. Peters, who was successful in breaking up a plot to "hold up" American importers of woolens. On one occasion, in Germany, when undervaluations by European merchants and manufacturers were little less than highway robbery—when the very largest importers of woolens and dry-goods in the United States were unable to buy a dollar's worth of all-wool Henriettas in the open markets; when a big combination of merchants, manufacturers, and jobbers had organized to defraud the American government, selling only on consignment and then only to New York agents in the deal—our consuls secured accurate estimates of the pro-

duction prices of all-wool Henriettas. These estimates were made the basis of standards for American appraisers all over the country. This work broke up one of the worst nests of corrupt undervaluation with which our customs officers have ever had to deal.

From the hour the consulate opens, usually at nine or ten A.M., to the hour of closing, usually at two, three or four P.M., it is visited by a stream of people as variegated as that to be seen at a country fair. Some consuls, to keep away what they call "the contagious disease" of too much familiarity, cause their secretaries to sift out all objectionable visitors. Into the public office come the merchants, manufacturers, or their agents, to sign invoices covering goods going to the United States. The invoices are made out in triplicate or quadruplicate.

While a consul's work is largely with invoices, its limitations are far less narrow than is popularly known or supposed. It is in his report work, whether

in regard to undervaluations connected with the invoices or in connection with commerce, that the consul's real efficiency is tested. As fact-gatherers our consuls have had phenomenal success. Their record reads like romance. Their reports are among the world's very best. In gathering the facts our consuls have shown a degree of intelligence, energy, and ripeness of judgment as remarkable as it was unexpected. The methods employed in gathering facts have been severely criticised, here and abroad. They are often the subject of irony, sarcasm, and ridicule. I remember a circular letter that came out when I was in the service, calling for facts which experts alone could furnish and then only if allowed to enter European factories for the purpose of making personal, pertinent examinations. This particular circular letter was submitted by the secretary of a national industrial

organization to the parties having charge of the consular work. An American manufacturer, who happened to be in my office, read it, and expressed a willingness to pay any person who could fill its requirements from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. The strange thing about it all is the fact that business men will prepare and send out to consuls a series of technical questions which leading experts could never answer except under impossibly favorable conditions. By bribing, perhaps, results might be arrived at; but bribery is hardly the best way to build up a model consular service.

The consul's duties include all kinds of varied and difficult problems. Take an example: One night I was awakened by a violent ringing of my night-bell. I went to the door and was handed a telegram that read:

*"For God's sake come to Baden-Baden at once."*



*Courtesy of the Department of State*

THE MODEST CONSULATE AT ALEXANDRETTA, SYRIA



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT JERUSALEM

*Courtesy of the Department of State*



Then followed the address and signature. I went to Baden-Baden, and found an American family in the direst distress. A daughter—who had been educated abroad, who was as beautiful as a Grecian goddess, who spoke several languages, sang and played—was working out a brilliant scheme, assisted by her brother and sister-in-law, to land her mother in a mild form of insane asylum, a *maison santé* it is called euphemistically. They wanted to get her money. I had to keep her out. I believe they succeeded later in landing the good lady in Bloomingdale, New York. The mother was afflicted with the well-known disease of kalomania; in other words, she was unable to resist the desire to buy beautiful things. The disease may be called first cousin to kleptomania.

On one occasion, because the American minister at Rome refused to help her, this same woman had to pay a pair of swindlers \$6,000 for two pictures that were worth from \$50 to \$100. They were sold for a Titian and a Rubens. They were neither. One was a poor Titian imitation, the other the production of an inferior artist in Munich. I was able to save the good lady large sums by accepting power of attorney to represent her, and by telling the people who had sold her diamonds and pictures at outrageously exorbitant prices that they would have to collect in the courts. All were glad to get back their goods. Not one of them went to law. The prices asked were, in cases in which I was able to procure correct estimates, five, six, and even ten times what would have been fine prices. As a rule, European merchants—certainly reputable houses—will not overcharge.

Upon my return to my office I found the case of a young man who had wantonly torn up some young trees by the roots, and done other depredations. He was to be subjected to exemplary punishment. He was to pay a fine of \$375,

and go to jail. My first step was to secure bail and an interview. He was the son of a clergyman in New Jersey, and had been sent to Germany because he was a bit "wild." His people wanted to wash their hands of the responsibility of continuing to take care of him. He was only seventeen or eighteen years old. He was to be disciplined. Before he was allowed to enter my office I had to give guarantee to secure penalties on my part, in case he did not appear in court when wanted. Pitying his parents, I put every bit of leverage I could lay hands on into operation. I learned a lesson that was well worth the learning—that the influence of "leading citizens" has absolutely nothing to do with cases of that kind over there. Indeed, manufacturers and merchants can never be prevailed upon to approach the courts. I had to do all the work myself. The result was that the lad was let off with a warning, and was told to go his way and sin no more.

He was not worthy of the intervention? No, of course not; but he had a mother, a father, and a grandfather who were worthy of all I was able to do. For their sakes I worked as I never worked before or since.

One day a party of students came in from Heidelberg to have me decide a bet. I was to define the difference, if there was any, between the two great political parties—the Republicans and Democrats.

Another day an Episcopal society in Philadelphia wrote to know what prospects Europe offered for the opening of Episcopal chapels. I gathered statistics of fifty cities, sent them, and had the satisfaction later of entertaining some Episcopal clergymen and their wives, and of seeing chapels erected in various parts of Europe.

A question that comes up by mail and is asked by hundreds of visitors is this: "Can the son of an American citizen, born abroad, become President

of the United States?" The answer is: "Yes, if care has been taken to register, so as to secure absolute evidence of the fact of birth and parentage—and the boy can later get the nomination and votes!"

These are some of the questions with which a consular officer has to deal. From them one gets a fairly good idea, and only that, of the long lines of curious cases that come up for consideration and settlement in an American consulate.

As the work of the consular officers

American ideas and the prosperity of the country. Both are much more closely joined together than appears to those unaccustomed to dive or to look deeper than the surface.

Could I convince Congress, I would establish a school. I would have it do for the consular service what Annapolis does for the navy and what West Point does for the army.

In a school scientific methods can be applied in a year or two years, or even in six months, that could come to a



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "UNCLE SAM'S DAILY PAPER"

Mr. James C. Monaghan, Editor of *Daily Consular Reports*, at his desk

is brought more and more to the attention of merchants, manufacturers, and educators, the desire for permanency is sure to grow into an irresistible demand. Inch by inch, the reform movement has been growing. Permanency in office during good behavior is one of the cardinal principles of its advocates, one of the strongest planks in its platform, one of the things that commend it most to sensible men. Its ultimate success is as inevitable as is the progress of

consul or be acquired by him, under ordinary circumstances, only in a series of years. To obviate the difficulties that are now met with by all those seeking to reform the service, including the fondness of senators for these, the last plums on the tree of political patronage—the candidates could be assigned, as are those of Annapolis and West Point, to the various states of the Union or to Congressional districts.

The courses should embrace eco-

nomics and languages — particularly French, German, Spanish, and Oriental; law—Roman, civil, canon, common, maritime, and international. It should also embrace commerce—its history, the raw materials of commerce, their sources and distribution; commercial geography; the world's markets; transportation—marine and overland; insurance — marine, fire, and life. After graduating from the consular school, the candidate for consular honors should pass a few months in the Department of State and in a United States Customs office in a large city. Thus he would enter upon his work with the finest possible kind of equipment. Nothing in the system should preclude the appointment of men from newspaper offices, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce. Like the volunteers in army and navy, these men might go in on recognized and well known merit.

The British consular service and those of continental Europe are based on education. Indeed, the public services of the world, now being studied by our consuls and soon to be made the subject of a special report, are far ahead of ours in the element of education. No man is appointed to a foreign customs office, or into a foreign consular service, who has not had an education especially adapted to the line of life to be followed. Almost all European countries have consular schools. Indeed, Germany has a school in which her expert appraisers and higher customs officials give several hours a day in courses calculated to instruct officials and to encourage expert research.

It may not be out of place just here to say a word about consular salaries. As a rule they are far inferior to those paid by American business houses to the thousands of agents who call annually or semi-annually at our consulates; and they are much smaller than those paid by European governments. A man capable of doing the work demanded of

some American consuls would be worth four, five, or six times his salary to American importers. The system of salaries is in every way incongruous, anomalous, and inane. Some men are paid too much; many, very many, too little. No consul should have less than \$3500; and no secretary or clerk should be offered less than a thousand a year. Experience has taught me the futility of trying to live, as an American consul ought to live, on less than \$3500; indeed, \$5000 would be even closer to what is the essential income. Consuls ought also to be furnished with an ample fund from which to pay for expert information. They have now to pay for this out of their salaries. I remember a case in which some expert foresters furnished page after page of facts for a report I was making at the request of the Department of State. When I came to pay for the service, money was refused. They did the work gratis because they loved it. Their salaries were enough. It was all based on a pretty sentiment. I had to find a way of paying, by means of a box of Havana cigars and a case of champagne. Payment for both came out of my pocket.

Another need is lofty ideals in regard to a consul's duties and in regard to the type of men by whom we want to be represented abroad. When a consul is sent out of the country, it must be really and truly for his country's good, and not, as was formerly too often the case, to get rid of an objectionable and pestiferous political "heeler." What commerce was to Greece during the time just preceding the glorious era of Pericles, what it was to Rome and Carthage and Phœnicia, what it was to Venice, Pisa, Florence, Genoa, and the Hansa cities, it is bound to be again to us. We are to have our renaissance, and if the present conditions prevail in the nation and in the executive departments of the government, the new type of American consul is destined to play a very important part.



A JAPANESE MAGAZINE COVER

A war-number cover in colors, drawn by the artist Matsuya for *The Vogue*, a new illustrated periodical issued semi-monthly. At the top of the anchor is the Medal of Kinshi, corresponding to England's Victoria Cross, and below it the special title of the number, "Punishing Russia."

# WHAT THE JAPANESE ARE READING

## THE LITERATURE OF A SERIOUS-MINDED NATION

BY HAROLD BOLCE

Japan is a nation of readers. More than a thousand newspapers and magazines are published in the empire. The Imperial Public Library at Tokio has half a million volumes, nearly one thousand of which are printed in the languages of Europe.

Centuries before Commodore Perry with the compulsion of Christian guns forced the emissaries of the Shogunate to listen to his marines sing Keith's version of the Hundredth Psalm, Japan had its own poems, songs, and stories. Since the advent of the modern era the literature of all nations has been translated into Japanese. Even Shakespeare, Carlyle, and Emerson have been done into the vernacular; and although the result sends shudders through the sensorium of Western scholars, the little brown polyglots will tell you complacently that they have improved upon the original, modifying the Anglo-Saxon context to suit the more subtle understanding of the Oriental.

Great freedom is frequently taken in the translation of novels. The imported plot is changed to conform to Sunrise standards, and characters are rechristened with Japanese names. The work becomes an adaptation. *Ernest Maltravers*, by Bulwer Lytton, the first Western novel translated into Japanese, appeared in that country in 1879 under a title which meant *A Spring Story of Flowers and Willows*.

Nor is plagiarism considered a literary offense in Japan. On the contrary, it is looked upon as an indication of extensive reading and tenacious memory.

The more a writer can interlard his story or essay with ideas, phrases, and even paragraphs from the works of masters, foreign or domestic, the greater the proof of his scholarship. To advertise a borrowed extract by the parade of quotation marks or their equivalents would be an exhibition of questionable taste; it would serve to indicate that the writer had recourse to this vulgar expedient to announce an erudition which he feared might otherwise escape attention.

And while this literary larceny, under the guise of modesty and art, is an offense to the more scrupulous writers of the Occident, it serves the useful purpose of widening the horizon of the Japanese reader. Instead of the mere thoughts of the single author, there are merged into his novel or homily the fancy and wisdom of the dreamers and sages of various lands and many generations. If a song gave pleasure five centuries ago, why not borrow its beauty to adorn a poem of today? And why cumber a shelf with an unread philosopher when his maxims can be appropriated to illumine a contemporary essay?

It is impossible for the West to comprehend the logic of the East. To incorporate, unacknowledged, another's rhyme or reason is no more of an offense in the Island Kingdom than to seize upon an American or British trademark. It all contributes to the glory of the Mikado, and has the sanction of imperial law. It is evident that it requires the Oriental squint to see these things in their Far Eastern light!



In spite of a Japanese author's slavery to his literary shelves, his productions are peculiarly entertaining. With the modern era has come in a new school of writers whose members are duplicating the career of popular novelists of the United States. A few years ago a Japanese named Murai Gensai published a novel entitled *Asahi-Zakura*, which made a great hit. The story is the dream of a possible conquest of England by Japan. Hong-Kong first falls before the heroes of the ambitious volume, and in turn India, Malta, and Gibraltar acknowledge the power and sovereignty of the Mikado. Finally a Japanese armada sails triumphantly up the Thames and collects a great war indemnity from the vanquished and suppliant millions of Great Britain. However much the leaders of Japan may deprecate the deductions of spectators that the ambition of the empire is to absorb additional domain and rise to political and commercial supremacy in Asia, it is worthy of note that instant literary success attended this jingoistic extravaganza foretelling the downfall of a great modern empire before the advance of the Mikado's squadrons.

America is not the only country where authors build country seats and buy yachts out of the proceeds of popular novels. In a former article I mentioned Mr. Fumio Yano, of Tokio. He had written a number of historic and economic works, incidental to his career as a diplomatist, but while these volumes met the approval of the cultivated they fell short of taking the public by storm. Japanese writers frequently liken the civilization of their empire, especially as to its artistic achievements, to that of ancient Greece. One day it occurred to Mr. Yano that a novel with Theban politics in the plot and Epaminondas for the hero might appeal with peculiar force to his countrymen. So he wrote a romance along that line, and it succeeded beyond his most extravagant hopes. Thousands of readers to whom,

theretofore, the name of Epaminondas would have meant less than a word in a cable code, suddenly began to rave about that ancient general and statesman as a prototype of the manhood of Japan. The result was that Mr. Yano with the help of Epaminondas built himself a charming home, and also bought tickets to Europe and America.

Few of the contemporaneous American writers of fiction are popular, or even known in Japan. Several American scientists, however, are widely read. Professor Ira Remsen, in chemistry, and Professors Newcomb and Holden, in astronomy, are accorded much honor by the Japanese. Japan is the greatest fisherman among the nations. Fish-literature has a great vogue; and it is worthy of note that specialists in that line regard Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Deputy Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at Washington, and President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, as eminent authorities in ichthyology. Emerson has a large following among the cultivated people of Japan, and Longfellow and Whittier are enjoyed. The long and lengthening roster of our current celebrities in letters would be almost meaningless, even in the most highly educated circles of Tokio. Even Mark Twain has not succeeded in laughing his way into Japan, a fact in singular contrast to the popularity enjoyed by this humorist in Russia. It was my fortune to meet an educated Russian gentlemen in the secret service of the Czar. This man had been in every city, hamlet, and corner of the Russian Empire.

"Tell me," I said, "what American is considered the greatest by the inhabitants of Russia."

"There are two Americans," he replied, "who enjoy equal honor in Russia; who stand, in fact, apart as unique and splendid types of manhood in the United States."

"And who are they?" I interrupted.

"Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain," was the reply.



如く、**牧師**は焚く薪桶を以て常に烟草を喫して煙を目に集  
めて出るといふは愛主が此れは身中は焼かれつゝ、祈るなりと唱へ  
て我等兒童を慰むやうせしめ居たりしが、ついでに先教師は一日牧  
師の意趣を説き明かして彼等は愛主にはあらず、後人同くとな  
りて我等兒童に安心を与へた。

ついでに**牧師**は極めて厳正なるメソヂスト風の信者  
にして神に對する畏敬の念と思へることは純粋の禁慾主義者とい  
へば可い。諸般の事々實假せざる嚴密の信仰を擁護し、世の中は惡人を  
燒きたる人がなれば常に聖火を燃ゆべしと云ふ。故に彼は飲酒禁止  
此れは吸烟は黙許すと云ふが如き寛大なる意見を有せず、且  
つ其言は之を知りて故に教師が五年間彼等を拒み拒んだんと描  
へ居たるに拘らず、成るべく教會に近づかざる様注意したる上  
に或る年ある日、**集會**の非常に興味多かりたるに  
全市の人々は其集會より所在の地林中に傭業して暇を  
潰し、一應了らるゝとて其日は歸に其近傍に至り灌木の叢中  
隠れて様子を観ひ居たり。然に集會に興味が有る頃に至り  
彼等は「得ずからして淫亂小場所より現はれ出で、衆人中に席  
をとめて神を讃美することをお初めたり。教師は松陰を見るや否  
急務を以て彼等を驚かし、警告し、談教し終に十分戒律にして  
彼等を信徒となし、其後ハイブと烟草とを戒断せり。

此に至りては已に斷然禁慾を守りて常人より如く食物を取るに  
乏しく、衣履も衣食をよく事は遠く常人を超へて是た婦人の如く  
一日三四回食を収て足らずとせば、八四十四回食事に耽ん  
人ことを望みて止まらず。此の如く其習慣を養ひたる以來、彼  
は日に月に肥満するに至り、初めて着たる彼の羊切服は

A PAGE OF CORRECTED PRINTER'S "COPY"

This sheet of the Japanese manuscript of Mr. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" was obtained from the composing-room of the publisher in Tokio.

There is one American writer of to-day who has succeeded in impressing his work upon the mind of commercial Japan. Every clerk in the stores, banks, commission houses, railway and steamship offices, and godowns of the Mikado's empire is familiarly acquainted with "Old Gorgon Graham," oracle of the Chicago stockyards. When Baron Shibusawa visited America he was impressed with the thoroughness of methods employed in the big packing houses, department stores, and other large institutions of this country, and it became one of his ambitions to metamorphose, if possible, the whole commercial procedure of Japan. He realized that one of the indispensable preliminaries in the achievement of the needed reform was the education of the thousands of young men employed as clerks and in other capacities in the large business institutions of the empire. The Baron, who is called

the J. Pierpont Morgan of Japan, saw in Mr. Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son* just the kind of admonition needed by the youth of the Sunrise Kingdom, who, because of the great strides of their country, are peculiarly disposed to reject the counsel of age and experience. He recommended the distribution of the *Letters* in a Japanese translation.

Heads of big houses all over the empire therefore bought the books wholesale and distributed copies among their employees. Published in paper covers, and selling for forty sen, the book reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand, but with no profit to the author, as there was no international copyright. In the Japanese appraisal of the book its humor was entirely overlooked. The production was accepted solely as a serious gospel to over-confident young man-

hood. The Oriental failure to detect the humor of the work is not to be wondered at when it is recalled that one of the soberest statistical annuals published in America included Old Gorton Graham's quaint volume among the financial books of the year.

It is when one glances at the strangely assorted books that enjoy popularity side by side in Japan that wonder is expressed at the unexpected preferences of these peculiar people. The same merchant, or manufacturer, or transportation magnate in Japan who read with great seriousness Mr. Lorimer's book, and dis-

and others throughout Japan, asking them to name their favorite foreign author. Darwin was found to be the people's choice by a large plurality. Carlyle is also widely read in Japan. A work which has entranced the Japanese mind is the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The Mikado's subjects devour these ponderous volumes with as much relish as Americans display in reading the leading novel of the week.

Some of the Western journals have been likening Japan to the Transvaal in war matters. However that may be, in the matter of reading there is an utter

び戦に出づるや、成るべき限りは、修繕の爲めに軍港に引返さしむることを避けざるべからず、是れ此工作船の缺くべから



工等を載せ居る船のとなり、艦隊の一た  
○戦争のため  
忙しきもの 我が社の編輯局

THE JAPANESE EDITOR IN WAR-TIME

One of a series of typical cartoons in a Japanese magazine, running successively through the middle of the pages.

tributed it by the armful among his clerks and agents, will confess that when he wants to experience a genuine joy in reading he spreads himself out on a mat, robes himself in a loose kimono, warms a bottle of saké over a charcoal fire, and then proceeds to revel in the absorbing delights of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. To determine with some accuracy to what extent that work enjoys its reputed popularity in the empire, a leading publisher in Tokio sent thousands of blank votes to professors, students, merchants, bankers,

absence of similarity between the Jap and the Boer. I happened to be in the Transvaal in 1895-6 when the revolution planned by the leading citizens of Johannesburg gave promise of success. A committee called at the American consular headquarters and asked me to prepare a charter designed to set forth the reasons for the overthrow of Oom Paul's rule and the establishment of a more democratic form of government. My first thought by way of preparation was to re-read our own *Declaration of Independence*. To that end I entered

a bookstore kept by an Anglicised Boer, who was looked up to by his countrymen as a man of learning.

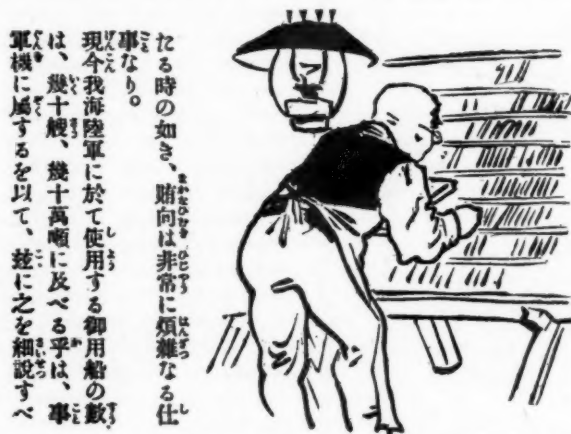
"Have you a copy of the *Declaration of Independence*?" I asked.

"No," replied the Transvaal book dealer, "I regret to state I have not, but we have a very alert agent in London who keeps posted on all the popular books, and if it is having any sale in England it will undoubtedly be here by the next steamer's mail."

Assuring him that the work in question had never been popular in England, I continued my search elsewhere. An

the story from beginning to end. Nearly all the modern popular fiction of Japan has a serious purpose. Books that are written solely to entertain have a limited circulation. It may surprise Western readers to learn that Nuttall's *Classical Dictionary* has reached a circulation of half a million copies in Japan.

In the Imperial Public Library at Tokio the greatest demand of readers is for works of history, biography, geography, and travel. Next in popularity come books devoted to mathematics, medicine, and natural philosophy. Literature and languages comprise the



THE JAPANESE COMPOSITOR UNDER PRESSURE

The second of this series of cartoons, humorously representing that journalism is about the only rushing business in Japan in war-time.

observation such as this made by the bookseller of Johannesburg could not issue from a Japanese. Thousands of students and clerks and business men in that empire can repeat without faltering the Oriental translation of the American Magna Charta. In fact, one of the most popular of the recent novels in Japan introduces its characters at Washington, D. C., where a Japanese hero unctuously reads to a comrade the *Declaration of Independence*. The principles of liberty breathed into the plot at its inception quicken the action of

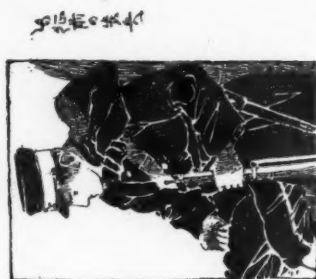
topic third in demand, while next on the list are works on law, politics, sociology, and statistics. Following that group come books on engineering, military tactics, and manufacturing industries. Volumes least in demand are those devoted to theology and religion.

Many of the most valuable literary productions in Japan are as Greek to the ordinary native, being written in classical Chinese whose ideographs are meaningless to all except sinologues. One reason why the modern reformer and philosopher, Fukuzawa, was enabled

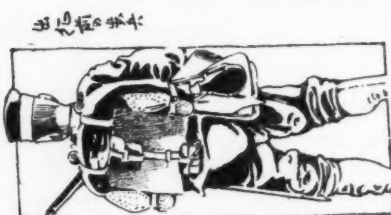
には一二の軍人、監督の爲めに乗船するのみ、船の操縦と船内の事務とは總て通常海員之を掌とる、多数の兵馬を搭載し

○戦争のため

忙しきもの 我々の活版所



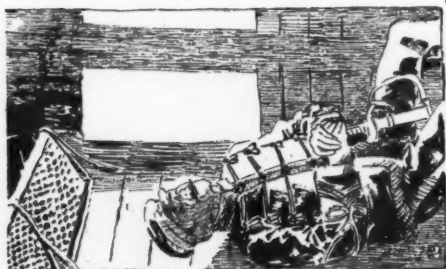
Infantry



Infantry



Infantry



源頼朝の肖像

Drawn by Kōsō Yamemake

Hakubun Kan

Officer in the Train

DRAWINGS BY A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER ARTIST, ILLUSTRATING A POPULAR SERIAL ROMANCE OF THE WAR

to exert a revolutionary influence over Japan was that he wrote his many books in the colloquial.

The histories of Japan have been potent factors in molding the thought of the people; and to an alien this is remarkable, as many of these annals scarcely rise above the dignity of chronological tables. The *Nihon Gwaishu*, before the fall of Shogunate, which it did much to bring about, was read diligently by every Japanese with any pretense to education; and many of its interminable pages of births, marriages, wars, and deaths were committed faithfully to memory. This huge historic Japanese catalogue, so exasperatingly uninteresting to a Western reader who expects a history to be more than a chronological tabulation, succeeded in arousing the millions of the Mikado's empire to enthusiastic, tumultuous, revolutionary patriotism.

The histories of Japan, which without a break solemnly trace the lineage of the Emperor back to Oriental gods, have succeeded in impressing that pleasing fiction as an auspicious fact upon the mind of the race. Even university professors and poets in that land will, without a quiver of historic conscience, recite the unbroken genealogy of the imperial household, notwithstanding the fact that many of the emperors died without issue.

The historian's manipulation of facts in Japan—this

interfusion of things that should have been into the record of things that were—is not regarded as a departure from the functions of a chronicler of events. A curious and altogether convenient idealism has been developed in Mikado-land which gives both the man of letters and the ordinary citizen great latitude in many phases of their activities. It is a system which provides for the substitution of the fanciful for the real whenever the happiness and general welfare of the individual, family, or community concerned can be promoted by the exchange. The practice, which has exerted a decided influence upon Japanese character and has permeated the empire's literature, transforming its seemingly dry histories into works of imagination, is called *yumei-mujitsu*, which means: "Having the Name, but Not the Reality."

The interpretation of events through this happy medium makes it possible to ignore the unpleasant record of centuries of puppet emperors forced to abdicate in favor of infants selected by the usurping houses of Fujiwara, Taira, and Minamoto. And it is a handier thing still for the historian when confronted by the story of how retainers in these families became as much greater than the head of the household as that aristocratic pretender was superior in power to the nominal emperor. These puzzling ages of intrigues within conspiracies, when imperial dynasties were made to appear and vanish like moving pictures thrown by a biograph upon a screen, are readily straightened out into orderly succession by invoking the literary magic of *yumei-mujitsu*. Mikados who in their day wielded no more power than a ventriloquist's manikins are made to flourish as august potentates, wielding undisputed sovereignty over a loyal empire, and seated upon a throne graced by an unbroken succession of their imperial ancestors.

Such fanciful presentations of history

form a conspicuous part of what is read by the people of Japan. The work of the modern historians in the Sunrise Kingdom has been thorough, and the conviction that their Mikado is the lineal descendant of that emperor who in remote ages descended to Japan from the heavens now permeates the empire, and is a leading source of the patriotism that animates the nation and stimulates the valor of the fighting thousands beating back the might of Russia.

It is not alone in the so-called histories of Japan that this principle of *yumei-mujitsu* is invoked to dignify and splendor a dynasty which, in reality, has encountered as many breaks and other vicissitudes as some of the reigning houses of Europe. The poetry and romance of the empire are full of allusions to the unparalleled antiquity of the imperial line, and this manufactured succession of rulers provides a favorite and popular editorial theme in the daily press. Every native reader in Japan is glad to encounter the topic. Even if he knows it to be simply a dignified fiction it thrills him none the less, and he glories in the record as if it were an unassailable fact.

So thoroughly has the idea of *yumei-mujitsu* diffused itself among the people through the medium of the widely-read books of Japan, that the principle has become indispensable in the perpetuation of family honors and traditions. Whatever the West, with its franker ethics, may think of a system that tolerates and even encourages the pruning and grafting of genealogical trees into a beauty and symmetry pleasing to the living, it has this value in Japan—that it makes immortal in domestic annals every commendable deed. For example, when an unmarried youth or a husband without issue dies on the field of battle fighting for his emperor, the fallen hero becomes the founder of an honorable house. It is accomplished in the following manner: his sacrifice for his country is



rewarded by certain honors bestowed by the Emperor upon his memory. To perpetuate these, relatives apply for registration in his name, and from generation to generation his glorious death is cherished in the family circle. It not infrequently happens that a Japanese is registered and legally recognized as the son of his own brother. No good deed is permitted to die in Japan. Even the rickshaw man who trots in front of you between the shafts of his vehicle is likely to have a family crest on the back of his blouse. In all probability he enjoys only vague collateral descent from the ancestor who won the right to this emblem, but the coolie or his forebears managed to secure registration in the name of some worthier man who died leaving no children or immediate relatives to reap the benefit of his achievements.

Let us suppose that Washington Irving had been a Japanese author. At his death, his relatives would have applied for legal inheritance of his fame, and thus the House of the Author of Rip Van Winkle, or of some similar title, would have been founded. In the course of a generation or two, scores of proud Japanese men and women would have claimed direct descent from the renowned man of letters, the trivial circumstance of his having lived and died a bachelor in no wise interfering with the boast of unbroken lineage.

While the West, therefore, may inveigh against a nation's histories, poems and polemics that commend and even glorify all evasion of commonplace and undesirable realities, the splendor of genealogies from the cottager's family to the household in the imperial palace, and the general literary illumination which lends brilliancy to the dullest chapters of Japanese life, have given to the people of that empire, both in war and peace, an incentive to diligence and aspiration, unrivaled among the inhabitants of other lands. Every home in Japan is in some degree a temple of

fame. If an ambitious man is handicapped by the absence of an illustrious ancestor, he simply adopts one. The humblest citizen, by keeping track of death-notices, can manage sooner or later to seize upon the name of some man who has accomplished enough to make him desirable as a household god. It is all, of course, a colossal farce, and the whole structure of Japanese life, with its borrowed plumes and appropriated traditions, offers an unrivaled opportunity for an Oriental Cervantes. A Japanese *Don Quixote* may some day be able to bring down upon the fantastic ideals and theatrical annals of the land a ridicule that will laugh them out of existence.

One of the wonders of literary Japan is the universal tendency to write poetry. Nearly every person in the empire, from rickshaw-men and geisha-girls up to the Emperor and members of the cabinet, is a poet—from a Japanese standpoint. The present Mikado has written nearly fifty thousand odes. He dedicates a portion of every evening to the production of poetry. While the spectacle of the ruler of nearly fifty million peoples solemnly writing verse every night is unique, the number of his creations is not so remarkable when it is realized that a Japanese ode rarely exceeds thirty-one syllables in length, and more often consists of two lines containing altogether seventeen syllables. The latter style is called *hokku*. Anything in the heavens or on the earth or in the waters under the earth is a proper subject for a Japanese *hokku*. Rhyme, reason, and metre are alike ignored. No rule of grammar need be obeyed. It is not even necessary to complete a sentence.

"November, with a butcher bird  
Perched on a post in the open moor"

is a complete poem in Japan. The idea frequently is to suggest a picture, rather than to tell a story or to express deep and complicated emotions. A curious thing is that two lines which do not





THE JAPANESE EAGERNESS FOR WAR-LITHOGRAPHS

measure up to the requirements even of a distich will, when published in Japan, incite hundreds of literary analysts into penning elaborate reviews of the couplet, pointing out with categorical completeness the many marvelous things the poet must have kept in mental reservation, since he managed to express so little in his ode! The following commonplace *hokku*, for example, has been the topic of many explanatory essays:

"She wraps up rice-cakes, while one hand  
Restrains the hair upon her brow."

Japanese critics of penetration see in that the romance of a high-born dame, forced by harsh circumstances to earn her bread behind a baker's counter, or perhaps at some fair, but ever mindful of her tresses truantly straying from an all too hastily arranged coiffure. It seems incredible that scholars, equipped with knowledge of the literature of all nations, could

dignify mediocre lines like those in the rice-cake stanza as a great poem.

With such canons of poetic art it is not strange that Japan is an empire of poets. The writing of verse is an absorbing passion of multitudes. Cultivated Japanese women have poetry days, similar to reception days of their Occidental sisters. Themes are sent out to the ladies on their calling lists, and everybody comes with a poem on the subject. Sometimes the topic selected is poetical enough, such as "Thoughts of Love on Waking," "The Moon Setting Behind the Mountains," or "A Nightingale in a Village." But more substantial matters have recently asserted themselves as worthy of poetic treatment. "Lucifer Matches," "Annual House Cleaning," and other affairs of domestic importance are now being worked into the social minstrelsy of Japan.

The Emperor himself sets the example

followed by Japanese society in dedicating certain days to poetry. Every January the people of the empire are invited by the Mikado to participate in a poetical competition. The theme is chosen and advertised by the imperial household, and the efforts of the thousands of ambitious competitors must be written on a certain kind of paper, the quality, color, and size being fixed by royal decree. Here are some of the topics selected by the monarch and his counselors in recent years: "The Stork on the Pine-Tree," "Pine-Trees Reflected in Water," "Bamboos in the Snow." None of the poems, or *tankas*, submitted must exceed thirty-one syllables in length, and the unwritten exaction is that the authors must embody in the diminutive ode some subtle laudation of the dynasty, and if possible suggest the unbroken succession. Obviously a poem of two lines with a stork and a pine-tree for a text, and the eulogium of the Emperor and his more or less imaginary ancestors as the underlying *motif*, must assume literary contortions to accomplish its bizarre purpose. The most highly-cultivated people in the empire take part in these peculiar contests.

Although extreme contempt for syntax is displayed, there are certain classical standards that must not be departed from; and so seriously do the Japanese take their compositions that teachers are employed to give instruction in the art of writing verse, long lectures are delivered to students on the subject, an appalling list of technical niceties must be mastered, and the pedagogical nomenclature of all these forms of expression committed to memory. After the students have taken a thorough course, they are required to spend an additional term in writing poems; and when the amateur poet has acquired sufficient dexterity to put into two lines enough picturesque ambiguity to render it impossible for the astutest critics to agree upon his meaning, he is awarded the diploma which he has striven for.

Thus the poet of Japan is made, not born. Much of the verse produced is merely involved paraphrase of accepted models. But while the over-mastering idea that diligent gleaning from the lines of other poets is a distinguishing mark of ability, the racial daintiness of the people frequently finds commendable expression in their little odes. Some of these creations are as exquisite as their pictorial art. It is sublimity that is lacking. Japan is a land without an epic. Its greatest poems seldom rise above the dignity of clever epigrams.

A number of undeniably pretty poems have been molded into a household game, and are known by heart by every man, woman and child in the empire. It is not altogether unlike the American parlor pastime known as the game of authors. Inasmuch as the beauty of these abbreviated odes has impressed itself deeply upon the Japanese mind throughout many centuries, and continues to the present to be a daily inspiration to the multitudes, the verses are well worth the study and attention of other races. One of the favorite selections from the game of poets reads like this:

"But for its voice, the heron were  
A line of snow, and nothing more."

And much Japanese philosophy is crowded into these lines:

"Did it but sing, the butterfly  
Might have to suffer in a cage."

Perhaps the most important couplet in the unique Japanese game is this:

"If but the wheel be diligent,  
The water hath no time to freeze."

In all their industries the Japanese repeat this to themselves as an incentive to labor.

It should be kept in mind that these couplets, which have been instrumental in molding the Japanese character, are not lines from one long poem or from any one author. They are the choice selections of anthologies many centuries old. Few Japanese poets are able to

launch their productions in their own volumes. In nearly all cases books of poems are collections. A volume containing as many lines as there are in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* would represent about fifteen hundred poems in Japan, and as many poets.

Turning from poetry to every-day prose—since the beginning of the war with Russia the commonest sights on the streets of Japanese cities are men carrying armfuls of newspaper extras and running at full speed, sleigh-bells suspended from a cord at the waist warning pedestrians of their riotous approach. And as these *yomi-uri* dash ahead they cry out: "*Gowai, gowai*," which is the Japanese equivalent for "extra." Every now and then some intrepid citizen manages to plant himself in the path of the headlong news-vender and stops that frantic individual long enough to secure a copy of the *gowai*. Instantly the fortunate purchaser is surrounded by an eager crowd, to whom he must perforce read the news, if indeed the sheet contains any, which it rarely does. I learned that these extras are little more than advertisements of what the newspaper soon to be issued will contain. The *gowai* is about the size of one sheet of an American theatrical program, and is printed on one side of the paper only. Before the war they were usually distributed gratuitously, but now they are sold. Why the crier rushes at a breakneck speed, heedless of the many opportunities he might have of disposing of the extras if he got down to a gait favorable to commercial transaction, neither he nor his publishers managed to explain farther than to say this, that the province of the *yomi-uri* was not so much to sell the dodgers as to provoke a curious public into buying the daily journal he represents.

Many of the Japanese dailies have large circulations, the *Jiji Shimpō* of Tokio and the *Osaki Asahi Shimbun* having passed beyond the one hundred thousand mark. Every party and fac-



A YOMI-URI CRYING "EXTRA"

tion has its organ; and prominent men, like Marquis Ito and Count Okuma, have their personal newspapers which are more or less "inspired." Most of the Japanese newspapers printed in the vernacular are largely unintelligible to the foreigner, even when ably translated; for the press censorship is so severe that native journalists have cultivated the art of saying one thing and conveying to their countrymen a meaning totally different from the one seemingly expressed. The Minister of War, the Minister of the Navy, or the Minister of Foreign Affairs can, without taking counsel of his colleagues, suppress a newspaper

and confiscate the entire plant. Yet this is seldom done. The editors are sufficiently astute, however caustic they may be in condemnation of policies, to avoid utterances that would bring upon them and their establishment extreme penalties.

Moreover they have a "prison editor" on every newspaper staff in Japan, whose duties consist in going to jail and standing trial for any offense committed by the journal. This representative of some of the more independent papers spends a large portion of his time in prison, either awaiting the hearing of his case or in serving out the term of his sentence. Even when out of the toils, he has no editorial duties to perform. His salary is larger than that of most of his colleagues, and his position is in demand. He enjoys the sonorous title of Editor-in-Chief, and when he is behind the bars the actual editor is classed by the journal in question as merely a contributor. Everybody, including the authorities, is fully aware of the subterfuge, but nevertheless the trial proceeds of the imprisoned editorial dummy, who perhaps is incapable of writing a news paragraph.

Quite a number of dailies in Japan are published in English. Most of these are edited by Britishers, but I was assured that the larger part of the circulation is among the educated Japanese. Although America started Japan on its modern career, it was an Englishman who established the first real newspaper in the country. Today in the empire there is but one journal conducted by an American. It is the *Japanese Advertiser* of Yokohama.

It is almost impossible in Japan to buy a copy of any of these English-printed newspapers without going to the place of publication for it. There are no news-stands in Japan like those in the United States. At a few of the bookstores Japanese newspapers may be obtained, but none of these establishments handle papers printed in English.

And there are no newsboys in Japan. The nearest approach to that product of the strenuous civilization of the West is the full-grown *yomi-uri*, tearing down the street like a runaway horse. And that man of flight, jingling bells, and raucous shouts has no time nor inclination to handle sheets printed in foreign characters.

Nor are these English journals usually to be had at the desk of Europeanized hotels. Morning after morning in various hotels of the empire I tried to buy the *Japan Times*, the *Japan Mail*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Kobe Chronicle and Herald*. On rare occasions the Japanese clerk would dig down behind the counter and exhume a copy of one of the papers in question, dated the day before.

"Where can I get a copy of today's issue?" I asked.

"Take a rickshaw and ride to the publication office," was the reply.

I marveled at the lack of enterprise of the business managers of these English-printed papers, particularly in Yokohama, where steamers crowded with passengers, denied the world's news for many days, are constantly arriving. In San Francisco Bay tugs piled with the morning papers meet every incoming steamer from the Orient, and the supply is devoured by the passengers. The same demand exists at the Japanese end, but there is seemingly no American or Britisher in the empire enterprising enough to take advantage of it.

"If I were in your place," I remarked to a Yokohama editor of an Anglo-Saxon sheet, "I would get boys and sell copies of the paper to the great crowds of visitors arriving daily."

"You think so now," he replied languidly, "but if you had lived twenty years here, as I have, you'd have that Yokohama feeling just like all the rest of us."

I made inquiries of other editors in regard to the subject, and the explanation, or rather the lack of explanation

vouchsafed was of the same character. Why Anglo-Saxon men, who have sufficient spirit of adventure to set up in the publication business fifteen thousand miles from home, should sink into such an editorial and commercial indifference is beyond comprehension.

Of course these publications have their regular subscribers and advertising patrons. The news they print is of the briefest and most unsatisfactory character. In this respect they are little better than the vernacular sheets. Cable interruption creates small disturbance in Japanese newspaper offices. In fact, I have among my collection of things Japanese a number of dailies whose leading news stories are articles taken from London and New York journals. Bill Nye used to say that the *Boomerang*, when he edited it at Laramie, never failed to come out with the news except when the freight train was late. The American and European papers carried across the oceans to Japan are indispensable to the journalism of that empire.

All the papers published in English, even the *Advertiser* with its American management, are made up like British journals. The vernacular sheets are modeled on the French style, including the feuilletons containing serial romances. The Japanese, committed to brevity in their poems and to daintiness in most of their artistic achievements, are incredibly long-winded in their tales. The most popular of all the modern romancers in Japan is Bakin, and the work from his pen most rapturously read is a story

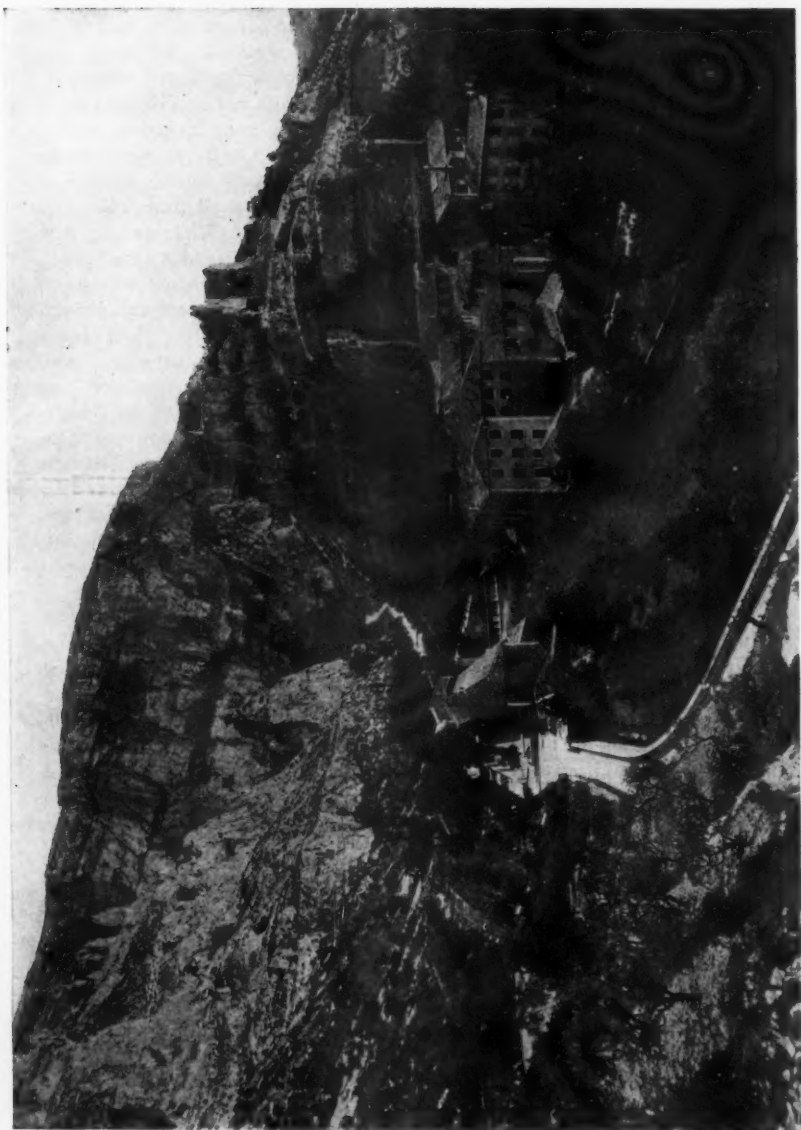
that fills one hundred and six volumes. So, to the Japanese, the almost everlasting serials that trail through the vernacular dailies are alone more than worth the price of subscription. These stories, which are usually illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings, are eagerly read by all classes. Leave your rickshaw coolie, who is virtually a human horse, in the street, and when you emerge to resume your ride you will in all probability find him reading a soiled collection of papers containing instalments of a serial novel.

The magazines of Japan are many, and devoted to every conceivable branch of letters, art, and industry. The Hakubunkan Publishing Company, of Tokio, alone issues a dozen weeklies and monthlies, largely patterned on American magazines, and in some instances even partly adopting their names. One of the most interesting of the magazines of the empire is the *Japanese Graphic*, published at Tokio. Although printed in the vernacular, the pictures have underlines in English.

To Americans and Britons the most valuable magazine in Japan is the *Sun Trade Journal*, half of it being published in English. It is edited, owned, and entirely conducted by Japanese. While one of its purposes is to encourage exchange of trade between America and Japan, it bristles with forecasts of Japan's "inevitable supremacy of the Pacific."

*Harold Bole*





VAUCLUSE, THE POET'S RETREAT

In his chateau there—the ruins of which are seen on the hill at the right—practically all of Petrarch's literary work was done, including the immortal sonnets to Laura.



# A POETIC FESTIVAL

## THE GREAT PETRARCH FÊTES OF 1904

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

In a letter to a friend of his childhood, the aged Petrarch, reviewing his life, recalls a visit they made together as school boys to "the beautiful fountain of the Sorgues, which, formerly famous for its own sake,"—I quote freely from his own words—"has become more famous, if it is allowable to boast a little to a friend like you, by the long sojourn which I made there later, and by my verses. When we arrived at the fountain—I remember as if it were but yesterday—struck by the extraordinary beauty of the place, I said, among other childish things after my childish fashion: 'This is the spot which suits my nature best, and, if one day it should be possible for me to come here, I should prefer it to a great city.' . . . I passed there subsequently several years interrupted by worldly affairs and by severe trials which often distracted me. Yet I found there a peace so profound and so seductive a charm, that, since I have known what the life of man is, I have scarcely *lived* anywhere but there; all the rest of my life has been for me a torture."

"No place in all the universe is more agreeable to me than Vaucluse," says Petrarch in a letter to its seigneur, the Bishop of Cavaillon; "no spot is better adapted to my studies. A child, I visited Vaucluse; a young man, I returned to it, and this charming valley warmed and coddled me in its sun-exposed bosom. In ripe manhood, I passed sweetly at Vaucluse my best years and the happiest moments of my life. An old man, it is at Vaucluse I

desire to eke out my last days, it is at Vaucluse I would die in your arms."

As cordially as Petrarch loved Vaucluse he hated Avignon all his life, in spite of the immense debt of gratitude he owed her. "All she possessed," said the president of the Academy of the Department of Vaucluse, in the course of the recent Petrarch celebration, "Avignon lavished on the young political exile. She consoled him with her blue sky, she warmed him with her sunshine, she invigorated him with her mistral, she charmed him with her green horizons. She gave him her river which lulls, her star-lit nights which make to dream, her spicy isles, the intoxication of her fêtes, the pomp of her ceremonies, her enthusiasms, the elegance of her salons, the caresses of her plaudits, the seduction of her daughters. The warmest friendships, the most efficacious influences encouraged the first flights of this rare intelligence open to the most diverse conceptions. In this palace of the Colonna in which we are at this moment sitting, in this cardinal's mansion of which he was an assiduous visitor—the familiar and almost the master, since he called it 'my own house'—gathered all the celebrities of the period, the members of the Sacred College, kings and princes on official visits to the Pope, foreign ambassadors, the Italian Colony. Through daily contact with savants and philosophers, professors and artists, he felt his creative faculties develop within him. God had given him the wings to soar; the environment gave him the impulse."

Petrarch depended more or less directly on Avignon—which had welcomed with unstinted hospitality his banished parents—for subsistence and encouragement during forty years. Through the complacency of the ecclesiastical dignitaries there, he was awarded church sinecures which insured him a living and left him free to cultivate his special talent. There—at the Church of St. Claire on Good Friday, April 6, 1327—he saw for the first time the blonde Laura, “attired in a green gown sprinkled with violets.” There he was captivated by her beauty and consecrated to her his muse. There, in 1346, at a *Bal Paré* in honor of Charles of Luxembourg, Laura received from the Prince the kiss on the forehead which Petrarch celebrated in one of his most splendid odes. And there at Avignon—April 6, 1348—Laura was laid to rest in the Church of the Cordeliers.

Nevertheless, he could never forgive Avignon for having ravished from his beloved Italy the splendor of the Papacy; and he never mentioned her, except in terms of opprobrium, in either his poetry or his prose. He referred to her as Babylon invariably, and called her time and again “the impious city.” He characterized her, further, as “the most boresome city of the world,” as “a miasmatic marsh,” “a cess-pool of vices,” “a sewer where all the filth of the universe is collected,” “a pestilential odor that poisons the entire earth.” “The people of Avignon despise God,” he said; “they worship money, they trample under foot all laws both human and divine, they ridicule the virtuous. . . . All that you have ever heard recounted, all that you have ever read, in no matter what books, of perfidy, of ruse, of inhumanity, of pride, of lecherousness; all that exists here, there and everywhere in the world, of impiety, of detestable morals—is to be found heaped up on the banks of the Rhone.” Petrarch left Vaucluse finally—as he

explains in a letter to one Piétro Stefano—dear though it was to him, because he could no longer support the near presence of Avignon. “My love for the one spot caresses and soothes me; my hatred of the other stings and irritates me. . . . I am expelled chiefly by that Babylon which they call the *curie Romaine*. Verily her proximity, her sight, and her odor dismay me, and are absolutely inimical to my happiness. Her stench alone would be enough to drive me away.”

The Avignonnais, however, are so constituted—thanks probably to their Latin origin—as to be able and willing to pardon anything and everything to poetry or the tender passion. Furthermore, they realize that the greatest glory of their city—after that, possibly, of having been the seat of the Papacy—is that of having been the foster-mother of Petrarch and the mother of Laura. As the Papacy connects Avignon with world-history, so Petrarch and Laura connect her with world-literature and world-passion; with the line of Homer and Virgil; with the line, likewise, of Hero and Leander, Daphnis and Chloe, Dante and Beatrice, Abelard and Héloïse. Hence, from Petrarch's day to this, the Avignonnais have been unwearied in returning Petrarch good for evil, and have let no occasion slip to “heap coals of fire”—if the expression may be permitted in such a connection—on his laurel-crowned head.

Avignon is proud of her checkered career: of her early conflicts with the Alamans, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, the Franks, the Ostrogoths, the Lombards, and the Saracens; of her rescue from the Saracenic control by Charles Martel; of her military and civil prestige under the Counts of Orange, Provence and Toulouse and the Duke of Bourgogne respectively; of her rôle in the religious wars of the sixteenth century; of her part in the Revolution; and of her resistance to the *coup d'Etat* of 1851. She is proud

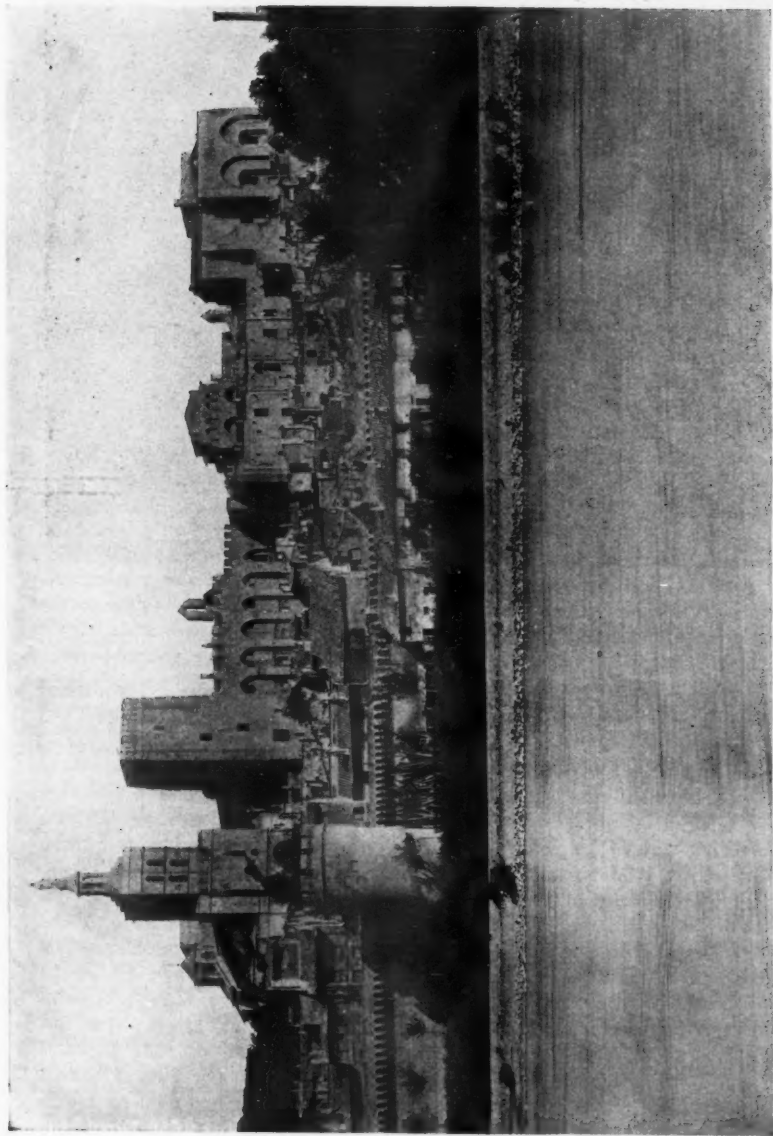


## IN THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE

It remains fresh and fair, the earthly paradise it  
appeared to Petrarch's eyes.

of her immense plain studded with cypress-girdled *mas provençaux*—farm-houses—and with vine-and-olive-traceried rock-hill towns; of the sweep of her majestic Rhone and the insinuating beauty of its islands. She is proud of her fourteenth-century citadel, the Palais des Papes, the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence, which witnesses grandly to the time when she replaced Rome in the world—"a mass which," as Maurice Barrès has aptly phrased it, "possesses a beauty so rare that one experiences in contemplating it an almost abstract pleasure analagous to that which a law or theorem inspires." Avignon is proud of her admirably preserved fourteenth-century walls and gates; of her mutilated bridge of St. Bénézet with its quaint twelfth-century chapel sacred to St. Nicholas; of the Gothic tower of her

Hôtel de Ville—the Tour de Jacquemart—whose bell opens all her national and local fêtes, sounds the tocsin in case of fire or public disaster, summons—in perpetuation of an ancient usage—her municipal councilors to their sessions, and proclaims the result of municipal elections; proud of her seventeenth-century mint which was constructed after cartoons said to be by Michel Angelo; of her archiepiscopal palace; of her curious medieval mansions, her moss-grown water-wheels in the Street of the Dyers, and her churches, so numerous that she was called by Rabelais "the city of bells." She is proud also of her modern municipal creations; of her Garden of the Rocher des Doms and its superb points of view; of her sycamore-shaded Cours de la République, rival in point of animation at the hour of the apéritif of



**THE PALAIS DES PAPES, AVIGNON**

This citadel on the Rhone was the residence of the Popes during the greater part of the fourteenth century.  
It is the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence.

Marseilles' Cannebière; proud of her spacious, handsome Place de l'Horloge; of her new Hôtel de Ville, her theatre, her promenades along the river-banks, her fountains and her statues; and proud of her cafés, her women, her bull-fights, and her oleanders, her savants, painters, sculptors and pléiad of modern troubadours.

She is proud, I say, of all these things, but she is prouder of her relation to Petrarch and Laura, and she has gone out of her way repeatedly to prove it.

Three times within a century she has paid signal tributes to their memory: in 1804—the fifth centenary of Petrarch's birth—when she dedicated in the central square of Vaucluse a Petrarch column, with appropriate literary ceremonies; in 1874—the fifth centenary of his death—when she held a three-days' fête, which included a memorable cavalcade representing "the triumphal march of Petrarch to the capitol to receive his laurel-crown," and a magnificent open-air mass in the square near the Palais des Papes; and, finally, in July of the present year—the sixth centenary of his birth—with another three-days' fête at Avignon and Vaucluse, which the writer was privileged to attend.

The valley of Vaucluse is little changed since Petrarch found in it a sweet retreat from the trials and tumults of the world. He not only said that of all the works of his pen, "there is not one that was not either written, conceived, or begun at Vaucluse"; but in one of his letters he uttered the prophecy: "I was persuaded that the whole universe might be turned upside down by war, and this spot still remain calm and peaceful." And, indeed, though it has not been entirely exempt from vicissitudes—it was ravaged before Petrarch's death by a roving band of plunderers who attempted to burn his château—its atmosphere of tranquillity has never been disturbed for long. It remains fresh

11

and fair, the earthly paradise it appeared to Petrarch's eyes. It is scarcely more thickly populated than in his time. Its Roman tunnel is intact. Petrarch's château is in ruins, but his little country-house is still standing, not too much the worse for wear; and the adjoining garden contains practically the same vegetables, herbs, and flowers it contained five centuries and a half ago. The echo of the valley is still phenomenal, its *cicadæ* multitudinous and musical, and its oleanders flourishing. It is still a site whither a world-worn, love-lorn poet might well retire to rest and dream.

The emerald waters of the Sorgues, untamed in earlier times, are now utilized for mills. But these mills are of stone, and, being operated by water-wheels, are not of the noisy, smoky order; they take their place in the landscape readily enough, and do not shock in the scene itself as they do in the photographs of the scene.

The exercises at Vaucluse were as chaste, rustic, and reverent as the gentle Petrarch could have desired. They were exclusively literary, and were participated in by practically all the literary celebrities of the Midi—of whom Frédéric Mistral, now aging but still handsome as a god, is easily chief—and by many from Paris and the rest of France. They consisted of the delivery of selected and original poems and improvisations, invoking the souvenir of Petrarch and Laura before the world-famous fountain and at a modest and intimate open-air lunch; and in the traditional *jeux floraux* of Provence under the century-old sycamores that over-arch the Petrarch column. In a word, a poet was celebrated by poets with poetry, as a poet should be; and, what is more, with the distinctive Provençal ardor of which no words can convey an idea. Lyricism was lavished as freely on Petrarch's love for Laura as on his poetical gift; wherein was but justice, since the fountain of Vaucluse



COSTUMED FOR THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION

Typical daughters of Provence arrayed in the traditional Provencal costume, still frequently worn in the vicinity of Vaucluse and Avignon.



is immortal less by reason of genius than of love. The opportunity the occasion offered to extol the beauty and charm of the daughters of Provence—of whom Laura was one—was likewise made the most of; and this too was eminently just.

The Avignon of today is but the shadow of the well-nigh fabulous cosmopolis—arbiter of empires, world-centre of diplomacy, of learning, letters and art—that it was under the papal domination, when it could lose one hundred and twenty thousand citizens in three months, as it did by the pest of 1348, and not be depopulated nor too much demoralized by the loss; and when a king of France felt obliged to found a massively fortified city, Villeneuve-les-Avignon, over against it, to offset its tremendous power. Nevertheless, it has as much spirit and tact for the organization of anniversary festivals as most cities of many times its size and importance.

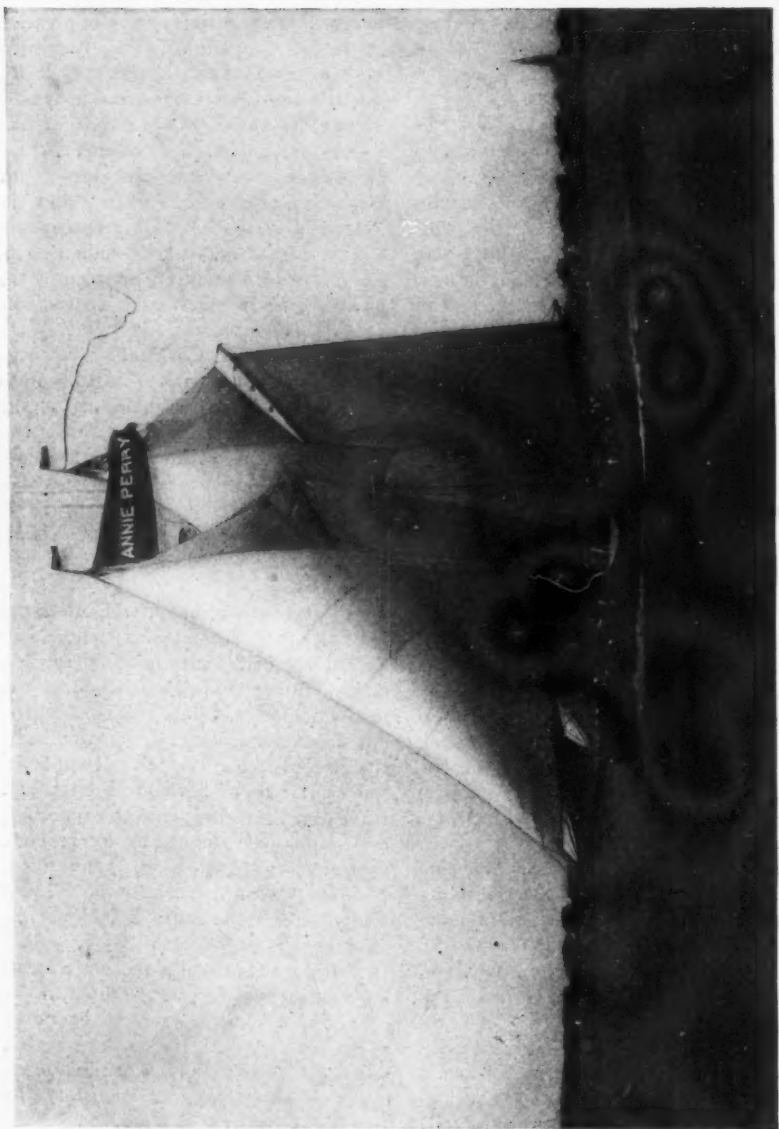
The literary exercises at Avignon—an official banquet and the presentation of prizes in a poetical contest instituted expressly for the Petrarch celebration—seemed cold and academic after the splendidly spontaneous exercises at Vaucluse; but the popular festivities evidenced afresh the peerlessness of the Provençal temperament where carnival rites are concerned. For three days and nights the entire city was gay to the point of giddiness with streamers and bunting, lantern, gas, and electric illuminations; with sound of fife and tambourine, and open-air dancing; with the flicker and flutter of myriad fans and decorative tissue-paper trifles; with the flashing of dark eyes set off by the incomparable Provençal *coiffe*; and with the buzz of merry voices, a sound which at Avignon as at Marseilles, and as everywhere in the garrulous Midi, habitually dominates every other; and with several special features of a spectacular nature, chief of which was the Petrarch Cavalcade. The floats and groups of this Caval-

cade depicted with admirable fidelity a number of the salient features of the court life of Petrarch's time and of the succeeding centuries up to the present; presented the simple, frugal country life—to which Petrarch referred so frequently and affectionately in his books and letters—by means of groups of harvesters, vintagers, and others, in the traditional Provençal costumes; and symbolically glorified poetry and its kindred arts, and love. Its transcendent feature was a realistic reproduction of the Valley of Vaucluse, animated by the presence of Petrarch and Laura, and attendant nymphs.

The Petrarch Cavalcade of 1904, while an adequate tribute and a fresh illustration of the magnanimity of the Avignonnais Petrarch-ward, was less brilliant—if the testimony of the older residents of Avignon is to be trusted—than the Petrarch Cavalcade of 1874, probably because of the terrific heat, which quickly wilted many of the *figurantes*.

On the other hand, the Petrarch fêtes of 1904, considered as a whole, had an unprecedented international interest and significance in consequence of the just-concluded Franco-Italian *entente*. All the exercises were participated in by the Franco-Italian League and by official representatives of both the French and Italian governments; and the speeches, toasts, and even the poems, were replete with feeling allusions to "the Sister Nations," with invocations of "Latin Unity" and "the Latin Spirit." The dispatching to Arezzo, Italy, where Petrarch was born, of a messenger bearing a wreath of flowers gathered in the garden of Laura, deserves to be noted as the most typical, the most graceful, and not the least effective of the numerous acts of international courtesy the Petrarch centenary inspired.

*Alvan F. Sanborn*



THE QUEEN OF THE FISHING FLEET

# THE FISHERIES OF NEW ENGLAND

## AN INDUSTRY WITHOUT STRIKES OR LOCKOUTS

One of the largest business enterprises in existence conducted on a coöperative basis is that of the New England fisheries. There are combined together in this industry, on an equal footing, the labor of 39,000 men and a capital of \$20,000,000. More than 100,000 persons depend upon the New England fisheries for a living. More than half the total capital invested in the fishing business in the United States is represented in New England. More than half the vessels engaged in the fisheries in the United States are New England vessels. More than one-fourth of all the fishermen in the United States are New England fishermen. More than one-quarter of all the fish caught and sold in the United States are taken by New England fishing vessels. New England has engaged in her shore and deep sea fisheries about 1500 vessels and 12,000 boats. This combination of labor and capital represents to New England an annual revenue of more than \$17,500,000.

Labor and capital are here combined in perfect harmony, both sides striving equally to make the business pay. These conditions have prevailed in the New England fisheries since the business began in 1623; and throughout a period of nearly three centuries—during which time the country itself has passed through many varied and trying ordeals—there has never been any dissension or severance of the pleasant relationship existing between labor and capital. The New England fisherman works for himself. The capitalist in the business furnishes him with a vessel and supplies him with the gear neces-

sary to carry on the work. In the division of the proceeds the fisherman, who is the laborer, gets the larger share. In the New England fisheries the profit-sharing method has been known since the beginning, and is designated by the general term of "going on shares." The proportion observed in dividing the proceeds of the catch, or trip, or voyage to each individual fisherman making up the crew is called the "lay," and is arranged at the beginning of each voyage, or continued from trip to trip. On the "half lay" the crew divide with the owners equally, the latter generally paying out of their share for the stores, towage, charges, and so forth, and the crew paying the cook's wages out of their share.

By another method, called the "quarter lay," the crew charter the vessel from the owners, and receive three-quarters of the proceeds of the catch, leaving one-quarter for the owners. Such vessels are principally engaged in the fresh, or "market," fishing. On the quarter-lay the crews furnish the fishing apparatus, bait, and provisions at their own expense. As an illustration of this method, a vessel's fare may amount to \$2000. The owners receive one-quarter, or \$500; the balance, \$1500, is divided among the crew, after deducting the cost of the fishing apparatus, provisions, and bait expenses. Some of the more lucky fishermen make a good living at the business. The schooner *Manbasset*, of the Boston fleet, was "high line" in 1903. By high line is meant that she earned the most of any vessel engaged in the same kind of fishing. She stocked \$46,000 gross. This meant a share of



A TANGLE OF FISHING GEAR

about \$1000 for each one of her crew. During the past ten years the new methods of handling fish have changed the base of operations from numerous small ports to a few large ones. What falling off there has been in the number of vessels engaged in the fisheries has been offset by the building of larger, faster, and better equipped vessels. The money invested in vessel property in New England and the tonnage of the fleet are greater now than they were ten or fifteen years ago.

The improved methods for the handling and transportation of fresh fish have made it much better for the shore fishermen of Cape Cod and the Maine coast. They are now able to send their catch to Boston fresh, and can get a good price for it. In the old days this was impossible. Within the last two years the introduction of engines in fishing boats and dories has made a

great improvement in the shore fisheries. Three years ago a fishing boat with a gasoline engine was scarcely known. Now a large number of shore fishermen have engines in their boats. This insures certainty in reaching port with the day's catch, besides making the labor much less for the fisherman.

In Gloucester, Boston, and Provincetown, New England has the greatest fishing ports in the world. Boston takes the lead in the amount of fresh fish it handles, while Gloucester is the world's chief port for salt fish, besides which it handles large quantities of fresh fish. Gloucester is well situated for the drying and preparing of food fish. Having few factories the air is not contaminated with smoke, and there is ample space for flake yards and fish houses, such as could be found in very few cities. Her fleet is larger and better equipped than ever before in her history. The catch

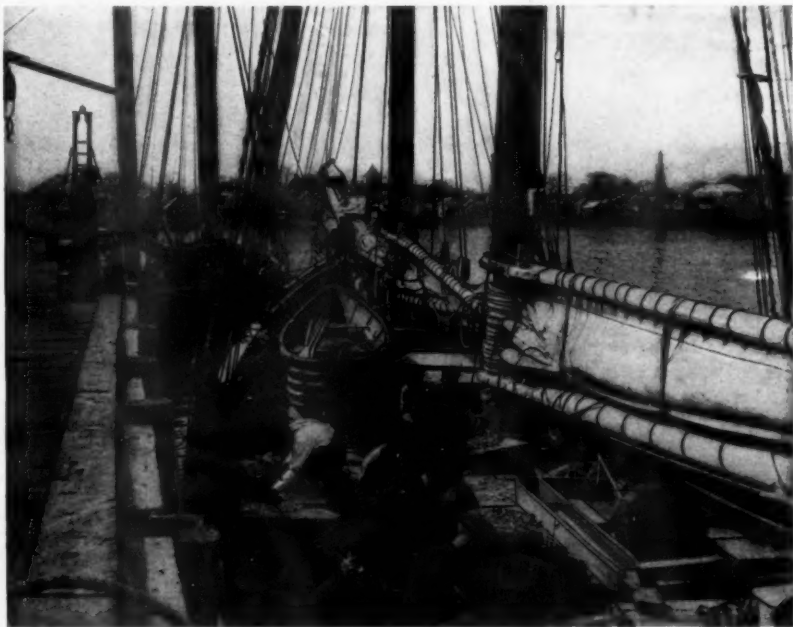
for 1903, as estimated from carefully tabulated reports, shows a valuation of \$4,200,000, while in 1880 it was worth but \$2,800,000—showing an increase of \$1,400,000 in a little over a decade.

Although Gloucester owns a larger and finer fleet than any other port, Boston gets the largest quantity of fresh fish of any port in the world. Last year there were 100,000,000 pounds of fresh fish received in Boston, worth at the low average of two cents a pound, \$2,000,000. As the wholesale dealers got an average of three cents a pound, at the very least, it would be fair to call the catch worth \$3,000,000 to Boston. Of this immense amount of fresh fish, about 78,000,000 pounds were discharged at the wharves direct from the vessels that caught them. The remainder was received by rail and steamer from Cape Cod and other ports.

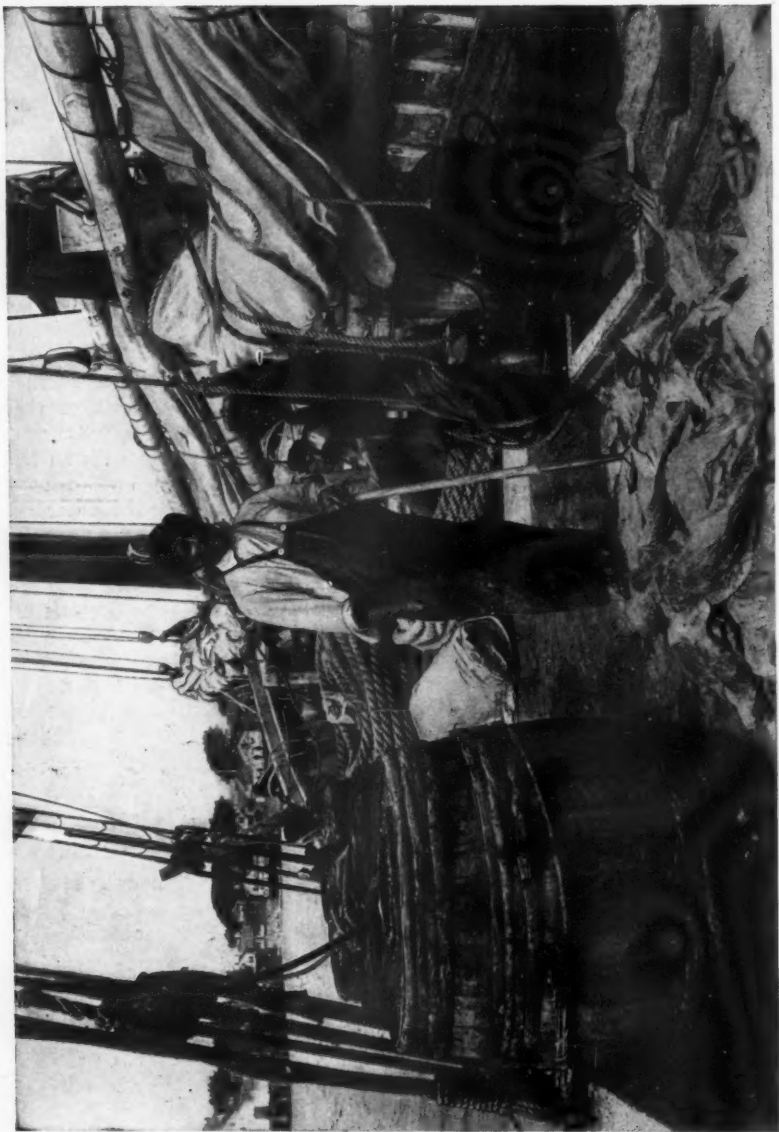
Aside from the fresh fish, there were landed in Boston about \$6,000,000

worth of salt and canned fish in 1903. The bulk of these, however, were herring, canned lobsters, clams, sardines, mackerel, and other fish, a considerable portion of which came from the provinces. Boston handles about \$500,000 worth of lobsters annually. The product is worth far more than formerly, though the catch is growing smaller each year, because of excessive fishing.

In addition to serving as a central distributing point for the fisheries of New England and imports from the provinces, Boston also carries on an extensive fishing business on the Pacific coast. A fleet of three steamers, owned and managed by Boston men, is engaged in the halibut fishery on the southern Alaskan coast. The catch of these steamers, amounting to 8,000,000 pounds of halibut last year, is all handled in Boston. An investment of \$200,000 is required for this enterprise. Boston handles more halibut than all



"BAITING UP"



SALTING A CATCH OF MACKEREL.



the world's other fishing ports combined. Fast express service is employed in bringing the catch of the steamers from Vancouver to Boston. Every few days two or three refrigerator cars, loaded with halibut, are attached to an overland express leaving Vancouver. At times an entire train is made up of cars filled with halibut.

Once started, the run to Boston is made in less than six days. None of the fish is taken out *en route*. Boston handles it all. Ten years ago such an

in reality, fresher when it gets there than the fish brought back by the home vessels from the northeastern fishing grounds.

In addition to the sailing vessels forming the Cape Cod fleet at Provincetown, there are about one hundred power-dories, costing from \$200 to \$400 each, and each manned by two men. The dories land their catch on the beach, and most of it is shipped at once directly to Boston for distribution.

The preparation of salt fish for the



A TYPICAL PROVINCETOWN WHARF

enterprise as this would have been considered preposterous, while practically all the halibut consumed in the East today makes a transcontinental trip before reaching the consumer.

Surprising as it seems, halibut can be delivered fresher from Alaska than from Labrador and Iceland, where the New England vessels used to go, and still go occasionally. On the Pacific coast the steamers run with the regularity of railroad trains. The result is that the halibut brought to Boston is,

market has undergone a marked change in the past few years, the dealers realizing that to keep abreast of the times they must present their wares to the buyers in an attractive form. Nowadays a salt fish becomes a manufactured article before it reaches the dealer. It is skinned, the bones taken out, cut up in squares, reduced to fibre or chipped. It is then wrapped in glazed paper, placed in a pasteboard box, sealed, and labeled. The old-style method of curing cod, up to about 1848, was called the

hard-cured or hard-dried. The fish were lightly salted and dried in the open air until they were as hard as a rock. Later on it was found that codfish salted down in hogsheds or put in pickle would keep sweet for an almost indefinite time. Before the fish are prepared for market they are taken from pickle and spread out on wooden flakes, and dried in the sunshine and fresh air. These fish are somewhat

labor in preparing the fish, plus profit. One large firm in Boston, that makes a specialty of handling codfish exclusively, quotes in its catalogue thirty different kinds of packages of salt fish, every package bearing a distinctive trade name for the grade of fish it contains.

The largest establishments in the world for preparing salt fish for the retail trade are at Gloucester. About 1,000 persons are employed there in putting up



INSPECTING A PLENTIFUL CATCH

softer than those done by the hard cure, but are liked better for general use in New England. One of the most popular forms in which salt cod is prepared is the fibered product. This is put up in half-pound and pound packages for making codfish balls, creamed fish, and the like. The best grades of fish prepared in this manner retail for twenty cents a pound. The price of the fish at the wharf is never over five cents, and generally from two to three. The difference is the cost of

"boneless" fish. Women and girls do a large part of the work, though the heavier work, such as the cutting up and packing, is done by men. The first step toward the preparation of the "boneless" package is skinning the fish, which is done by men. The fins are cut out, the backbone removed and the fish trimmed. The small bones are next removed. This is done by girls, using a pleyer made especially for the purpose. The fish next goes into the hands of the cutters, who are very ex-

pert in their work of dividing it into pieces. After cutting up the fish a sorting is made of the various pieces, the choicest part being the middle of the back, which is thick and clear. This goes into the packages which bring the highest prices. Cheaper grades of fish, such as cusk and hake, are also cut up in similar manner, and though not as attractive are very good eating. The cheaper grades find a

Nowadays nothing is wasted in the preparation of fish. Even the bones and skin are utilized in the manufacture of glue, which is a separate business by itself. In the early days, the skin and bones removed from the fish were considered almost worthless, but since it was found that this waste product made an excellent glue, they are now valued at \$40 or more a ton.

There is probably no other industry



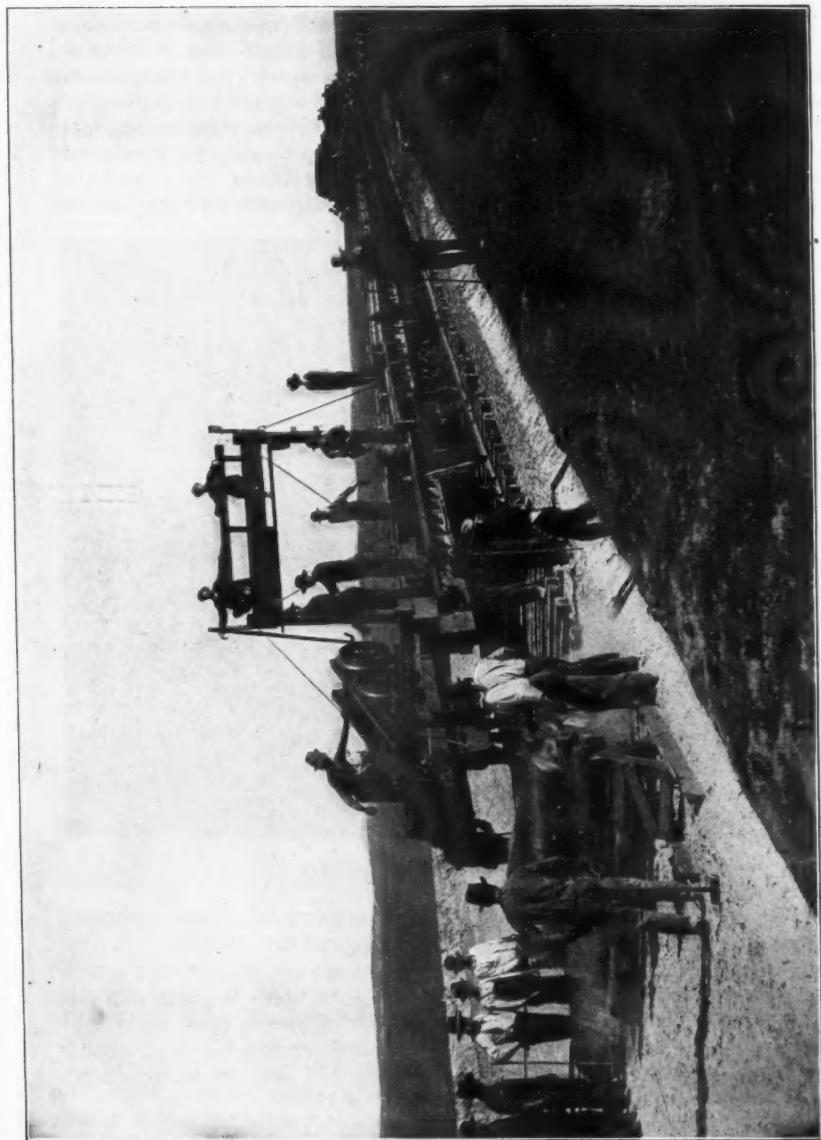
DRIED FISH READY FOR MARKET

ready sale, particularly among the Italians and others of the foreign element in our large cities who are not over-particular.

A favorite form of putting up clear fish is in "bricks," weighing a pound each. They are done up in an inner wrapper of glazed paper, after which various kinds of outer wrappers are used. The labels are always attractive, and the "boneless" fish compares favorably in appearance with any of the prepared foods placed on the market.

in the world today besides the fisheries of New England, in which the same number of persons are employed and as large an amount of money invested, that goes along year after year without any rupture in business relations, or is so notable an example of harmony between labor and capital.

*William L. Briggs*



UNLOADING TIES FROM A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN

Enough ties are carried by the little car to support sixty feet of track.

# A TRIUMPH OF RAILROAD ENGINEERING

## LAYING TRACK BY AUTOMATIC MACHINERY

Here and there in the great Southwest are regions so generously endowed by nature that only the hand of man is needed to convert them into field, orchard, and garden. Yet these lands of promise have been unpopulated, awaiting the highway along which civilization moves—the railroad. Two were recently opened to the home-seeker and soil-tiller by extending parallel roads nearly three hundred miles over prairie, through gorge and canyon, and by piercing even the mountain walls themselves. Strange to say, the engineers mapped out routes which were almost within sight of each other for many miles, and both of the railway companies had the same destination in view. When the final stakes were driven and the sextant pointed for the last "location," a race began which was perhaps the most novel on record—a race in which huge steam shovels and other machinery, long trains of construction cars, and thousands of men took part. It was a contest in railroad building, the prize being the traffic in passengers and freight which the winning company would carry into this empire awaiting settlement. From the time the scrapers first turned over the earth until the last rail was spiked the work went on day after day, and often night after night, illumined by the glare of the calcium and the flash of the electric lamp. For several months the race was neck and neck, until one of the contestants invoked the aid of a series of mechanical devices by which it completed its line so rapidly that three months before its rival had reached the goal its engines were whistling the announcement of their approach to the

towns which had sprung into existence along the steel pathway—like mushrooms—in a night.

East of the Mississippi our country is so gridironed with rails that such highways of commerce are nearly adequate to its demands. It thus happens that the activity of the track builder is confined principally to the West and Southwest, as is shown by the record of his efforts from year to year. Thus, during the first six months of the present year, out of 1937 miles constructed in the various States and Territories, 1623 miles, or eighty-four per cent., were in the West and Southwest. In many instances the labor was actually performed almost entirely by machinery. To the Eastern man who is unfamiliar with the methods of the Western pathfinders and pathmakers, this statement may seem incredible, for he is only acquainted with the good old-fashioned way of rail laying still in vogue in New England and the Middle States. Here the construction train rumbles up to the end of the completed track, the rails for the next section are taken from the storage cars, dumped upon the ground with a clang, then carried to their place and slowly lowered upon the ties. A dozen brawny laborers stretch their muscles in unloading the rails, and a score more do the carrying. The railroad builder in the East, it is true, employs the steam and electric shovel to cut away ground, the power drill to sunder the rock; he has the latest types of labor-saving machinery to assist in building his embankments and bridges; but in putting down the track he is usually content to follow the slow-going

method of a decade ago. Small wonder is it that he throws up his hands in astonishment when the Western engineer tells him of building railroads at the rate of two and three miles in a day, and is even willing to wager in addition that he can put down half a mile of rails, weighing 75 pounds to the yard, in an hour. But the West is a country of big things, and railroad building by machinery is one of them. Even the roadbed on which the track rests is made up by the steam and horse grader, great holes filled up to the track level automatically, and the ballast to hold the ties and rails in place distributed in the same manner. On the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming are "fills," as the track man calls them, which were once abysses 200 feet deep, and every cubic foot of the material was deposited in these chasms without being touched by the shovel or pick of the workman. In fact, such has been the development of mechanical aids it is not an idle boast that with them two dozen men could span the continent with a band of steel.

It is on the Western plains stretching away a hundred miles and more, without even a hillock to break the sky line, that the work of these twentieth century pathfinders presents its most interesting phases. Divided into the right of way and the track gangs, the contractor's outfit is distributed along the row of stakes that marks the route. The roadbed men usually begin the work. Scrapers, drawn by that indispensable animal—the mule—hitched in strings of from four to a dozen, turn up the surface, their sharp steel edges literally planing off the ground to the proper grade. The most modern type has a trough or chute joined to the scraping blade at such an angle that the loose dirt is forced upward through the trough and poured from it into a wagon driven by the side of the scraper. As fast as a wagon is filled it is replaced by another. Without a pause in the operation, the scraper continues steadily ahead, the wagon train it loads maintaining the same speed. At the end of the day a single scraper will have leveled off half



TRACK-LAYING WHILE YOU WAIT

This gang of men, with the aid of the track-laying machine, can lay 1770 feet of track—a third of a mile—in an hour.





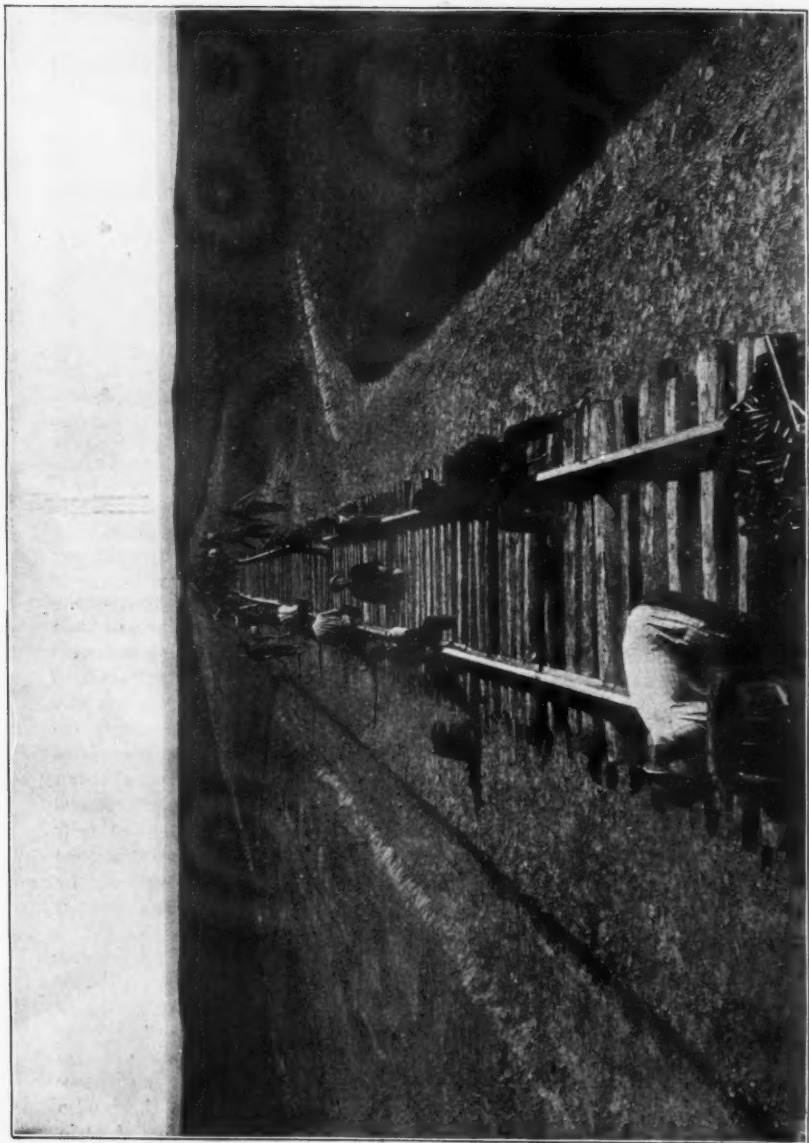
AUTOMATIC DUMP-CAR AT WORK

Two men operate this type of car, which dumps forty cubic yards of earth in a minute.

a mile of roadbed, so three or four of them will open up the way for a long distance ahead of the track makers. But, perhaps, the engineers have run their lines over a hill or across a valley. Then the steam shovel—the heavy artillery of the construction army—goes into action. Its ponderous steel teeth tear their way through the rock as well as the earth, and every time it “bites” into the hill its scoop takes out as much material as two horses could haul. Beside the shovel stands a train of curious looking cars. Each car is built of steel plates. The upper portion is shaped like the ordinary gondola car for carrying coal, but from the middle of the body it contracts until the plates form a sharp angle where they meet at the bottom. These plates move on hinges connected with a steel rod that extends the length of the car. After the cars are loaded, they are hauled to the valley or depression to be filled in. A workman goes to the end of the train and pulls a lever.

You hear the familiar hiss of compressed air escaping. The lower plates of each car swing out on their hinges and with a rattle and a roar the whole train-load of earth and gravel falls beneath the track. When the cars are empty another pull of the lever throws the plates back into their original position. If ten men had been put on each car to shovel it out, they would have required fully half an hour to accomplish what is done in a minute by one man operating the lever, and they would not have done it so thoroughly.

When the roadbed has been sufficiently surfaced, the rail layers begin operations. Their apparatus is so simple that the amount of work it does seems incredible. Apparently everything goes on wheels, except the few men adjusting the ties and those who are fastening the rails to them. A train of perhaps a dozen flat cars and a caboose—the Pullman of the workmen—is being pushed by a locomotive.



#### TRACK-LAYING ON THE PRAIRIES

Western engineers have built as much as three miles of completely ballasted and finished "permanent way" in a day, and have laid half a mile of rails in an hour, on the level prairies of the West.

From the front car extend two wooden timbers which overhang the roadbed for a distance of about twenty feet. These timbers are held rigidly in place by a wire rope attached to the outer end of each and stretched back over the archway on the car, forming a miniature suspension bridge. Getting aboard the train, you see it supports a little elevated railroad, the rails being fastened along the top of each car and extending back to the piles of ties and rails stacked up on the rear of the train. Besides this railway the train contains what might be called a "rollway"—a series of rollers set in the centre of the elevated track, but below the tops of the rails. In fact, here are three transportation systems: the one on the ground, the railway for carrying ties, and the rollway for moving rails. How they work can best be explained by watching their operations. At the rear end a car of ties is being loaded. What the men call a "tie loader" is pushed against the pile of wooden slabs. The end next to the pile slants downward, so that it forms an inclined plane to the top of the loader. Two men pull out half-a-dozen ties at one motion upon the plane, up which they are quickly shoved. The upper part of the loader consists of a platform attached to legs by metal latches, the legs resting outside of the rails. Along comes a little car which is just low enough to run under the loader platform. As it does so, it unhooks the latches fastening the legs, and the loader drops upon the car, which automatically "takes it on its back," ties and all. Off it goes to the front end of the train, and out upon the suspension bridge. It is prevented from falling over the edge by blocks bolted to each of the beams; but when its front wheels strike the blocks, only the car itself stops. The platform containing the load of ties rests upon rollers, it continues in motion, and is tilted over to such an angle by the weight of the ties that they slide from

it to the roadbed. The rear part of the platform, however, is caught on an iron clamp projecting from the top of its conveying car, which prevents it from following the ties. These fall across the roadbed at a right angle to the rails, and enough are dumped at a time to support sixty feet of track.

While the tie car is making its trip the "bolters" have fastened four rails into pairs, connecting each pair by bolts run through the "fishplates" clamped against their ends. They are then placed on the rollway and started for their destination. Reaching the end of the suspension bridge, they are run on to another roller set in a wooden frame that holds it about two feet from the roadbed. This "dolly" allows the rails to be carried nearly their length ahead of the end of the bridge. In short, its principal use is to "let them down easy" on the ties which have already been arranged for them. As soon as they touch the ties, the men do not wait to drive in the front spikes, but fasten what is termed a "bridle rod" to the front ends, while the rear ends are being bolted to the track already in place. This rod holds the rails so firmly that the train is at once pushed ahead over the newly-laid track, which is completely spiked to the ties while the material for the next section is being hauled over the "elevated ways." Thus the train can be moved forward sixty feet at a time.

Looking back along the line you see, a mile or so away, another train, which in the distance seems to be carrying coal. On approaching nearer, however, "the coal" is discovered to be stone crushed to a uniform size, or perhaps gravel from a nearby pit. You note that the cars are of the same shape as those which were filled by the big steam shovel. Nearer and nearer comes the train, but so slowly that only an occasional puff from the pushing engine is heard. Then, with a rattle which drowns all other noises, the

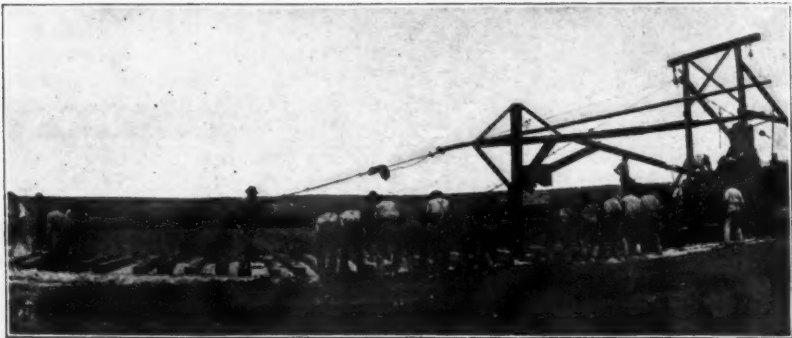
stone begins falling between rails and ties. But the cars continue in motion until all are emptied, when the engineer reverses his lever and starts back after another load. Glancing along the track where the ballast has been dumped, you are surprised to find that it has been deposited so evenly that it is not only level with the tops of the ties, but extends a foot or so outside of each rail. Just a little work here and there by the shovel gang puts the finishing touch to the track, so that the express train can rush over at sixty miles an hour without the danger of a rail spreading or a tie moving.

Thus it comes about that the locomotive has whistled for the first time in many a Western town which the day before was not within hearing distance. A few statistics may give a clearer idea of the quickness of it all. To put down sixty feet of track means, of course, to set in position one hundred and twenty feet of rails. The average rail is thirty feet in length, so that four rails are required to cover the sixty feet. Such a tracklaying machine as is shown in the illustrations has laid 1180 such rails in ten hours. This means the laying of no less than 1770 feet of track every hour, or nearly one-third of a mile. Yet to accomplish the feat all the ties must be placed on their beds, and the rails not only laid upon them but fastened to the wood and made ready for service.

When one man can throw a thousand tons of ballast at once on the roadbed it will be seen that this part of the work takes but little time, and where a railway is to be built in a hurry the ballasters follow so closely behind the tracklayers that they are apt to be in sight of the construction outfit much of the time.

The marvel of it all is the amount of manual labor that is saved by the genius of the inventor. First come the scrapers, doing all the work of the hand shovel, yet two men only are needed for each machine—one to guide the horses, and the other to adjust the blade and chute. With the steam shovel are an engineer and his assistant, for the shovel fills and empties its scoop into the cars without the touch of a hand. Compressed air unloads the cars, but the dirt train usually has half a dozen men aboard for emergencies, besides the engineer and fireman. On the tracklaying train two men load all the ties on the tie car, and one man moves it to and fro. For bolting the rails and handling them on the rollway six men are enough. About twice as many arrange the ties on the roadbed and fasten the rails. Add the locomotive crew, and you have the actual working force. In putting the finishing touches to the track perhaps twenty men may be needed after the ballast train has passed over it.

*Day Allen Wiley*



# MAURICE HEWLETT: AN APPRECIATION

BY T. M. PARROTT

From the bookseller's point of view Maurice Hewlett's latest work, *The Queen's Quair*, can hardly be considered one of the striking successes of the American summer trade. On the whole, this is not greatly to be wondered at. In spite of the wide-spread popularity of *The Forest Lovers*, Mr. Hewlett is, and will I think remain to the end of the chapter, a writer not so much for the masses as for the classes, or rather for that comparatively small class of the reading public which appreciates exquisite literary workmanship and is interested in the problems of what we may call historic psychology. What does seem to me surprising is that the literary journals and reviews, the professed guides of public opinion, should have been so slow in England as well as in this country to recognize in the appearance of *The Queen's Quair* one of the most notable events of recent years in the world of pure literature. Certainly this book is the crowning achievement of an author who, as an artist in words, a master of romance, a whole-hearted realist, and an analyst of souls, occupies in contemporary English letters a position that is unchallenged and unique.

Mr. Hewlett, however, has never been one of the young lions of the press. His slow but steady progress from strength to strength has lacked that element of the unexpected and meteoric which is so apt to dazzle and confuse the average critic. Born in 1861, it was not until he had well passed his thirtieth year that he began writing. His youth, like that of Scott, was spent in acquisition and assimilation rather than in hasty attempts at produc-

tion; and it is to the silent studies of these years that he owes that intimate acquaintance with the life, literature, and history of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance that appears in all his work. Mr. Hewlett, fortunately for himself and his readers, is not one of the new school of historical novelists who get up a period, as a lawyer does a case, before each new book they write. On the contrary he believes, as he himself has told us, that "a writer who is worth anything accumulates more than he gives off, and never lives up to his income." The relative advantages of the two methods, the method of slow saturation and the method of hasty cram, might be easily ascertained by a comparison of *The Queen's Quair* with, let us say, the late *Dorothy Vernon*.

It was undoubtedly to his father, an author and an antiquarian remarkable for his knowledge of black-letter law and history, that Mr. Hewlett owes the direction of his early studies. At college, he confesses to having been an idle boy who disappointed the expectations of his friends; but it was at this time that he felt the first blind stirrings of the creative instinct. After the fashion of other idle boys of genius he dreamed dreams and saw visions, built castles in the air, began great works, and tore them up—in short, went through the necessary period of youthful fermentation. From Oxford he went to London and took up the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, but the failure of his health forced him before long to abandon his profession and to seek for renewed strength by a long sojourn in Italy. On his return he

was appointed Lecturer on Medieval Times at University College and at the South Kensington Museum, and in 1896 he received from the Government the position which he still occupies as the Head of the Land Revenue Records. From that time till the present his life has been one of official routine, diversified and brightened by incursions into the field of letters.

*Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, Mr. Hewlett's first book, and the fruit of his Italian travels, appeared in 1895. It attracted little notice, less perhaps than it deserved; and three years were required to exhaust the limited edition of five hundred copies. Frankly, I do not think the public greatly to be blamed for this. The book is a curious medley of art and artificiality, of strained conceits and daring guesses at truth, of vivid impressions of reality and whimsical toyings with fugitive fancies. Its gravest fault lay, as the author himself shortly came to see, in its lack of simplicity. Its chief merit on the other hand consisted of its ardent aspiration toward reality, its determination to pierce below the surface of things to "the soul of this bright-eyed people." And to those who know and love Italy and the Italian people it will always remain a fascinating book, provoking rather than satisfying, but still delightful.

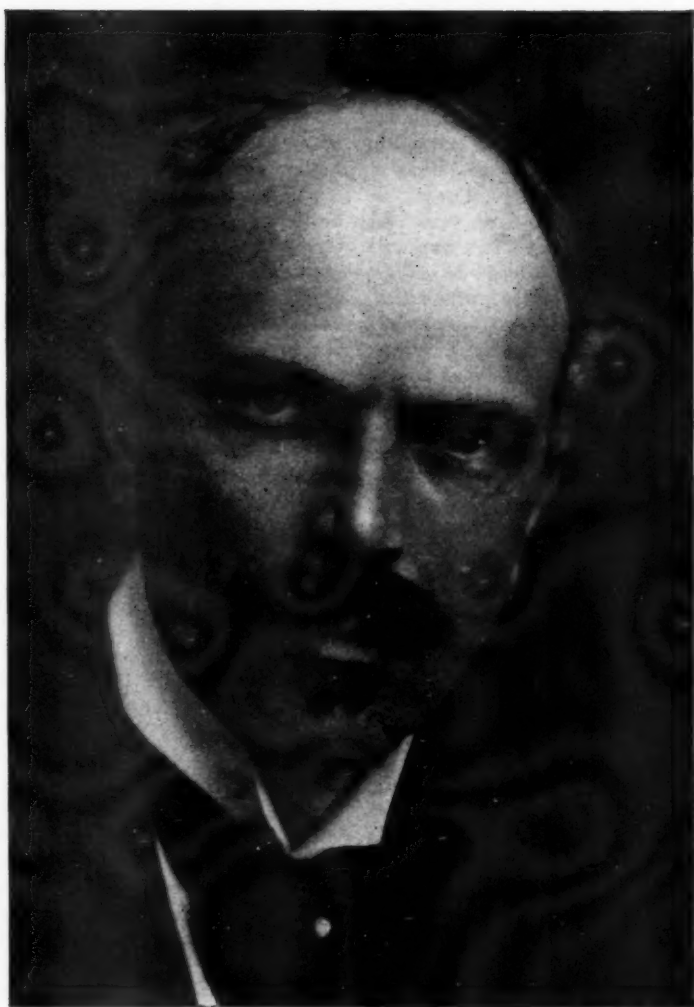
This first literary venture was followed in the same year by *The Masque of Dead Florentines*, and in 1897 by *Songs and Meditations*, Mr. Hewlett's two volumes of poetry. We need not linger over these. The simple truth is that Mr. Hewlett, although a versifier of considerable distinction in manner and diction, is not in the true sense of the word a poet. We miss almost without exception the individual, original note which so strongly marks the whole body of his prose. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that his best poems are those in which he is frankly imitative.

With the appearance of *The Forest Lovers* in 1898 two important and for-

tunate things occurred together; Mr. Hewlett found himself, and the world found Mr. Hewlett. There is no need to recall the instant and enthusiastic reception of the book; its crowning by the London Academy; its dramatization by some luckless playwright, who still clung to the dying superstition that a good story must of necessity make a good play. These things are still fresh in the memory, and the book itself is still happily too young for us to have forgotten the causes of its exceptional popularity. Rapid narrative, vivid description, poignant tenderness, the haunting savor of old romance—these are qualities not so common in the fiction of the hour that their united appearance in *The Forest Lovers* could fail of its effect upon the dullest reader. But there is something more than all these in the book. There is, for instance, a power of vigorous characterization. Some foolish coiner of phrases once called *The Forest Lovers* "a piece of ancient arras." Nothing could be more inept. The figures in tapestry are typically lifeless; the characters in *The Forest Lovers* are admirably life-like. Iscult, Prosper, and Dom Galors have good red blood in their veins. And this is true not only of the central three around whom the brilliant succession of scenes revolves, but quite as much so of the minor characters who play their little parts upon the stage. What does it matter that the time and place of the action are as romantic and impossible as the age of Arthur or the land of Lyonesse, when both are filled with real people? This, I may say in passing, seems to me to be the peculiar and essential characteristic of Mr. Hewlett's genius—this complete and harmonious blending of realism and romance.

One thing more remains to be said of *The Forest Lovers*: the true theme of the book lies below the surface; the real interest of the author lies not in the succession of events which compose





*Photograph by G. C. Beresford*

MAURICE HEWLETT

the story, but in the "incidents in the development of a soul." Prosper does not win Iseult by hard hitting, nor even by warm love-making, but by a transformation of soul in which he comes, after shame and sorrow, to recognize that love means not receiving, and still less seizing, but giving and serving.

There was, naturally enough, some curiosity as to Mr. Hewlett's next work after the success of *The Forest Lovers*, and I cannot but think that this curiosity was disappointed by the appearance later in the same year of his pastoral, *Pan and the Young Shepherd*. The London periodical, indeed, which had just crowned Mr. Hewlett's romance, professed to see in this play a distinct advance, but I fancy this opinion was by no means general. Indeed, without knowing anything about the facts of the case, I should be inclined to assume from internal evidence that *Pan and the Young Shepherd* was the earlier work of the two, drawn from its resting place in Mr. Hewlett's desk, and published at this time to take the tide of popularity at the flood. As a work of art it is, for me at least, seriously marred, if not quite spoiled, by the incongruity between its subject and its setting. I can, it is true, imagine a poetic comedy in which Pan and the nymphs should appear to play their parts in rural England; but I can not away with a churchwarden and free commoner called Geron, or beer-drinking, Bible-quoting shepherds named Teucer, Sphorx, and Mopsus. This error of nomenclature is especially unfortunate, since the very best thing in the play is the broadly humorous realism of the shepherd scenes. It would have cost so little to remedy this that one is tempted to sum up a verdict on the amusing book by remarking, with Goldsmith's *cognoscente*, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains.

Any disappointment that may have been caused by Mr. Hewlett's pastoral was more than recompensed in the

following year by the appearance of his first collection of stories, *Little Novels of Italy*. It is not too much to say that this book shows Mr. Hewlett as a story teller pure and simple at his very best. For one thing, the topics of the tales were exactly suited to his taste. He was back on the familiar ground of Italy, and of all living English writers Mr. Hewlett is the most Italianate. The keynote of the book is the author's joyous mastery of his material, his whole-hearted delight in the men and women, the cities and scenery, the fashions, passions, and beliefs of the Italian Renaissance. Here, indeed, he accomplishes what he had promised, but hardly performed, in his first book; he invents in each tale "a legend fitted close to the soul of a fact." There is a dash, a vigor, and a versatility in his narrative that recalls inevitably the drama of Shakespeare's contemporaries. *The Judgment of Borso* is a comedy with a dash of melodrama that would have delighted the heart of Fletcher; the story of the Duchess of Nona, the sweet, soft English girl caught in the steel nets of Italian lust and greed, is a tragedy such as Webster might have envied. And the style in which these tales are clothed, the gorgeous, florid, yet always strong and vigorous diction, is wholly in keeping with their common theme, the rich and lusty life of the Renaissance in its first home.

I cannot think that the *New Canterbury Tales* of 1901 are quite on a level with the *Little Novels*. In the first place, the title itself is an offense against taste. Why should we have new *Canterbury Tales* any more than a new *Iliad* or a modern *Don Quixote*? And if the title of the book is an offense, the framework in which the tales are set is, it must be confessed, a hopeless failure. It was meant apparently to give a certain unity to the book, to bind the scattered tales together. This assuredly it does not do. No device of art can harmonize the tales of Captain Brazen-

head and Master Richard Smith upon the same plane: they belong to worlds as different in tone and spirit as the world of Malory and that of Cæsar Borgia.

Of the six stories in the book I should be inclined to divide the prize between the two Italian tales. For swift directness and grim vigor Mr. Hewlett has written little to match, and never anything better than the *Tale of the Half-Brothers*; and the light, gay narrative of *Eugenio and Galeotto* is perhaps the most vivacious of all his comedies. But to prefer the Italian tales is by no means to despise the mediæval. We could ill spare such stories as Dan Costard's and the Lady Prioress's. They give us glimpses of certain aspects of those days, the foulness of witchcraft, the horrors of asceticism, the madness of religious hatred, such as Scott, the first and still the greatest of our romancers, never saw, or at least never reported.

In *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, 1900, Mr. Hewlett at once made an immense advance upon his earlier books, and entered upon a field in which his strongest and most durable work has been done. This field, of course, is that of the historical novel—with a difference. Now there are, as every reader of even average experience in modern fiction knows, two kinds of historical novels. There is that in which the history is a mere background for the characters, such as Mr. Clemens' *Joan of Arc*. And there are historical novels in which so much attention has been bestowed upon the setting that the figures have become mere accessories in a panorama of the past. *Salammbô* is, perhaps, the classical example of this type. But Mr. Hewlett's work belongs to neither class. He knows and loves the Middle Ages too well to be either careless or mistaken in the background. In fact it is not so much of a background as an atmosphere which he has created, an atmosphere of romance and minstrelsy, of feudal politics and holy wars, of lofty

zeal and brutal passion, which is pervaded to its last recesses by the very spirit of the Age of the Crusades. This alone would be a notable achievement. But Mr. Hewlett does not stop here. His really extraordinary power of characterization has enabled him to place in this atmosphere of the past figures which are as instinct with vitality as any in contemporary fiction.

The fact that Mr. Hewlett chose to write a romance of the Crusades, and in particular that he ventured to introduce the figure of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, was bound, of course, to provoke a comparison with the work of Scott. The aim and methods of Scott and Mr. Hewlett are so different as to render this futile. Scott's aim is first of all to tell a story; his characterization, superb as it often is, is incidental only. Historical characters he resolutely keeps in the background, sketching them in swiftly in their traditional colors. Mr. Hewlett, on the other hand, sets his great historic figure in the forefront; and so far from accepting the traditional character of Richard, the author has used all his knowledge of history and all his power of imagination to produce an original portrait of the real man. The narrative, with all its interest, is merely a means not an end; the novel is not a romantic chronicle of Richard's deeds but a realistic analysis of Richard's soul.

Mr. Hewlett's latest novel *The Queen's Quair*, is of the same type as *Richard Yea-and-Nay*. Once more he sets a great historic character in the foreground and concentrates all his powers on the interpretation of this figure. The subject is romantic; the treatment is essentially realistic. "A book about Queen Mary," he rightly says, "has no business to be a genteel exercise in the romantic." Mr. Hewlett's aim is high; his claim is almost audacious. Of Queen Mary he says "a hundred books have been written, a hundred songs sung. But no song ever pierced the fold of her secret,

no book ever found out the truth because none ever sought her heart. Here, then, is a book which has sought nothing else, and a song which springs from that only."

It is plain that such a book as *The Queen's Quair* must be tried by other tests than those we apply to the old-fashioned historical novel. When Mr. Hewlett sets out to reveal the secret of Mary Queen of Scots, he is of necessity bound to deal with the truth as it is given us in history. There must be no juggling with facts. And this rule, it must be said, Mr. Hewlett has not observed with scrupulous regard. Most of his wrestlings of history are, to be sure, of small consequence and do not essentially alter the conditions of the problem. But one or two are of graver importance. To represent Mary, for instance, as hurried into the secret marriage with Darnley by the treacherous urgency of Moray is a perversion of history which makes a reckless love-match out of what was in truth a well-considered move in the great game of politics that Mary was playing. It is greatly to be doubted also whether the Queen's relations to Bothwell immediately before and after their marriage were such as Mr. Hewlett would have us believe. That she was unhappy with him seems plain enough; that her spirit was broken by his brutal selfishness is, I believe, far from being the case.

None the less *The Queen's Quair* in spite of certain defects remains, I believe, a truer portrait of Mary than any other in fiction; truer, perhaps, than any given us by a historian. It represents a great advance upon *Richard Yea-and-Nay* in strength of conception and breadth of treatment. Although considerably longer, it has more compact unity. It is not marred by any such repulsive and unconvincing invention as that of the Old Man of Musse. From one standpoint and another, that of Des Essars, that of Mary Livingston,

that of French Paris, it throws sidelights upon the leading character until the queen stands before us a complete and fully rounded figure. It is crowded with brilliant portraits of the men and women of the time, portraits which reveal their inner qualities as well as their outward look and bearing. It is not too much to say that Mr. Hewlett has re-created for us the stormy world of passion, intrigue, and violence through which his ill-fated heroine moved in her brief reign. Above all, Mr. Hewlett's sympathetic treatment of his theme has the merit of evoking sympathy, provoking in his readers a deeper pity for "the most unhappy lady that ever moaned about the world."

I have said enough in this review of Mr. Hewlett's work, I think, to indicate his achievement and to point out where his main strength lies. He is very far from being the mere artificer in words, the weaver of superfine fancies that he once seemed likely to become. And it is for this reason that I have not cared to enter upon the vexed question of his style. Its faults, its restlessness, love of conceits, lack of simplicity, are plain enough. But it is, or should be, equally plain by this time that Mr. Hewlett's style, with all its faults, is no mere affectation, but rather an idiosyncrasy. And it is idle to wish to alter the idiosyncracies of a great artist. This title, I think, may be conferred without hesitation upon Mr. Hewlett. He has earned it by his work in the past; he will demonstrate it, I certainly believe, by his future work in the field which is peculiarly his own—the realistic romance of history, the character study of great souls. The possibilities of work in this field seem to me well-nigh endless. What might Mr. Hewlett not make, for example, if he chose to enlarge his sketch of Cæsar Borgia into a full-length portrait, or what would we not give for a picture of Joan the Maid by the hand that has just drawn Mary the Queen?

# The QUERY OF CANDLER'S CUT

by  
Tilden Tifford



They sometimes talk of how the Company's goat entices the sheep into the cars from the shipping pens at Comstock; and occasionally they mention the time Lige Wimberly's trained bear helped him through his love affair by keeping his rival all night in a tree, the while Lige urged his suit; but the way "Honey" Rivers' terrier crossed Candler's Ford on a mission of mercy is the topic that never wanes.

The cream of the community's literary stock, this topic is freshest in the minds of the Circle-B outfit whom it most concerned, though there is scarcely a man in leggings from El Paso to San Angelo but can tell you the tale with fluency.

Not that they know how it was done, but because with them, as with all men, few themes are so relished as a mystery. The terrier's adventure is as clear as the track of a stampede up to the time he reached the river and after setting his woolly legs on the opposite bank, but how he got over the intervening sixty yards is the puzzle that keeps the incident alive. For Candler's Ford, you should know, is a mighty "cut" through the Pecos, where the water, though rarely higher than your stirrup, is yet so swift that a feather-weight like the terrier, seeking to stem the current, would be swept at once below the road, where the banks are mountain high and any sort of landing were a miracle.

Wherefore arises the Query of Candler's Cut. For that the terrier *did* cross Candler's is admittedly a feature in history, notwithstanding a careful interrogation of the neighborhood revealed that there had been no one anywhere near the place to lend him a helping hand.

The following memoranda, recorded *verbatim* in the Gosling's note-book, will show the whereabouts of a few of the community's members at about the time the terrier was accomplishing his miraculous journey:

*Judge Eaton:* You say about four in the afternoon? Well, I wasn't in fifty mile o' Candler's. I was over to Alpine, tendin' co't.

*Red Hovis:* Me and Mose Collins was a-ridin' herd for Ol' Man Peterson, on Broken Arrer. He made a shipment on the tenth.

*Tony Eckart:* I was over to Tobe Dixon's, swappin' a saddle for Tobe's roan.

*Fiddling Harry:* Me and Pete Conchoz was a-practisin' "Blue-Eyed Josie" to put in our rep'toire for the Jedge's dance. But we had to give it up. Pete kin ketch a' antelope quicker'n a new tune.

*One Time Montana:* I was playin' poker with Clem Hyde at the Canteen. I recollec' 'stinctly Clem makin' me lay a queen-full on jacks—somethin' I'd orn't a' done, and wouldn't if they hadn't been the identical pictures I held one time in Montana—

In like manner did all the men who sometimes rode the trail taken by the terrier assert and maintain their absence from the vicinity of Candler's at the particular time involved. The Gosling, by way of rounding out the record, added his own statement, thus:

*Honey Rivers:* I was being interviewed by the Majah and Poker Gabe at Wizard Rock, they having detained me with a view to negotiating a loan.

The Gosling, as you will note, being a college-trimmed youth, is better at language than most men in the district, and "detained" is his polite way of saying "held up." That incident—happening as it did prior to the terrier's exploit, on which, however, it has a vital bearing—it is becoming to relate first. How the Gosling came to be regarded as a party suitable for detention was in this way:

Keeps, the railroad agent, wanted money. Three train-loads of the Circle-B's choicest beeves had he billed to Kansas "prepaid," without so much as a sight of the freight money; this because of a sudden rising of the market, of which Bardwell, the foreman whom he loved, desired to take advantage; but in the absence of his employer, Colonel Waskom, the foreman was short of funds.

"It ain't like askin' you to 'wait returns, Joe," Bardwell had mumbled craftily, with the first lot of sixteen cars loaded and waiting on the siding. "The Colonel'll be home afore them short-horns ever hit Kansas, and the Company ain't checkin' you *every* day, you know."



To which potent appeal Mr. Keeps had yielded—"Secin' you're loaded." And when two days afterwards the Colonel arrived from a "deal" in the interior it was the Gosling who was despatched with the freight money, over three thousand dollars in bills.

Now, to ride the road from Circle-B to Comstock means a dozen lonesome miles through the hills, and the passing of but two of those points of native interest of which all roads of whatsoever length have a number standing out like notches on a stick. Sometimes it is a school-house retired from the highway, and sometimes a tree on which the lightning has laid an unfriendly hand, and again it may be merely an important forking of the road. In the case of the trail from Circle-B to the railroad these points of distinction are Candler's Ford, about a quarter of the way, and Wizard Rock, two miles farther as you go to town.

This Wizard Rock, a huge, grotesque boulder, sits in a sag of the hillside, with a sharp eye on the trail; and there is no doubting that it is admirably named, assuming as it does no fewer than three different shapes as you approach and pass it. The innocent traveler first fancies an owl of surprising proportions; but a closer view shows that what he mistook for the spherical head is in reality the pommel of a saddle; and finally as he leaves it behind, catching it at a new angle, it is nothing if not the figure of a bear on its hind-legs.

Mr. Honey Rivers, or the Gosling—a sobriquet due perhaps less to that seductive guilelessness which pervaded his speech and manner than to a surprising facility for keeping his colors in any style of argument—after crossing the ford with the terrier high and dry under his crooked arm, and after returning that playful animal to his legs on the opposite bank, proceeded toward Comstock at a brisk and anxious pace. For upon emerging from the cut and glancing casually at the sun, it had become obvious that he had lost more minutes—allowing his pony to "nozzle" after drinking his fill, and occasionally threatening to duck the terrier as he crossed—than was commensurate with the importance of his mission; and as the trusted bearer of over three thousand dollars the Gosling suffered a sudden twinge of conscience.

Beyond the river, the curving yellow road lies open for two miles, vanishing with a twist round the hill of Wizard Rock; and the cowboy, trailing his eye across the plain, smiled in whimsical recognition at the Owl.

"Hang me by the spurs, Sinful," he observed to his mount, "if there ain't a patient bird! A thousand years, I reckon, he's been waitin' there!"

Then he rode blithely into disaster. A less confident man would have discerned from the furtive lifting of Sinful's left ear, as well as a sudden restlessness on the part of the terrier's bristles, that there were signs of an unusual presence in the neighborhood of the Wizard; but then the Gosling was always less famed for caution than for a singular capacity to extricate himself from those very difficulties in which his unwariness might leave him involved. He became suddenly aware that two men had walked into the landscape from behind the Wizard, that a pair of leveled Colts were frowning prominently in the foreground, also that a high, squeaking voice was addressing him:

"I 'low you know what's healthy, sonny!"

It was the voice of the Majah, an elderly seedy man, with weak blue eyes and yellow, be-stained whiskers, long a familiar figure in Comstock, and as desperate a character, perhaps, as ever operated in the Lower Rio Grande country. His companion, a younger and better dressed person, was a man of similar attainments and equally notorious.

Both men had stepped fairly into the open, and before the Majah's remark was concluded were swaggering toward the cowboy, on whom they craftily kept their weapons trained. It was at this juncture that the terrier, all-observant, shot like a rabbit before a hound over the back trail. But as he could at best get no farther than the river, there was to Honey little promise of succor in his action. The Gosling, as he halted, burning with mortification, could only raise his hands slowly in the air.

"I haven't forgot my calisthenics, Majah," he said acidly. "I'm scarcely fool enough to draw."

"Spoke like a Napoleon, suh," said the Majah, with a polite flourish of his seedy sleeve. "I was afeared, too, you mightn't take it sensible. Gabe here 'lowed as you were ap' to be a little head-strong at times."

The affable serenity of the old scoundrel could not fail to touch the Gosling's sense of humor.

"Not when the odds are with the enemy, Majah," he replied pleasantly. "Do you wish me to 'produce,' or will you help yourselves—?"

"Keep your hands above your pockets, suh!" cried the Majah quickly, his watery eyes taking light. "My friend here will do the honors."

The process of robbery, in the hands of such skilled agents, was a speedy and thorough business. A few deft movements sufficed to relieve the cowboy of both his sixshooter and the funds entrusted him, the elder ruffian, pending a subsequent sharing with

his comrade, pocketing the entire amount. This accomplished, they led the Gosling across the plains to a hollow in the hills perhaps a mile from the trail where, after picketing his pony, they tied him to his saddle in a manner more secure than ever a turkey was made in the holidays.

"An ungentlemanly necessity, suh," apologized the Majah. "You know in matters o' this sort, 'specially where the subjec' is a person o' some repute, we can't afford to be slovenly as to details. We figger nach'ly on quittin' this section by the next train, and to prevent any hitch in them arrangements it is essential that you be detained here a spell. A bit lonesome I'm afeared you'll find it, but you'll doubtless appreciate our position."

He tossed the Gosling's weapon into the bunch-grass, personal possessions in these negotiations being of all things most to be avoided. Then over the prairie with their booty they disappeared afoot toward Comstock.

Now observe the curious trend of events. Everybody knows how the terrier, two minutes after the beginning of the transaction by the Wizard, vanished in the cut at Candler's, and standing at the water's edge—told by his tracks—looked yearningly across the river. But how he gained the opposite bank, with no human aid at hand, is still a theme for speculation.

Pink Jerrold the red-headed, sometimes called the Badger, mending his Sunday bridle in the wagon-yard, was the only man in sight when the terrier reached home breathless. But Pink was essentially a man of action. It happened, therefore, that the retiring Majah and his comrade had hardly dipped beyond the Gosling's horizon when an anxious-eyed horseman, whose pony bore the brand of a B in a circle, splashed over Candler's, and enveloped in a thin whirl of dust came galloping up the trail. He was bent forward eagerly in the saddle, and that he was a resolute and forceful man was obvious from the intent manner in which he scanned all quarters of the plain. No spectacle of interest meeting his vision, his lowering glance as he galloped swept keenly the bordering soil of the road.

Presently Pink drew rein opposite the Wizard, and stooping in the stirrups, studied narrowly the hoof-prints of an animal whose brand he knew to be a B in a circle. Then at once he was riding at high speed over the hill to his left, and in a few minutes was beside the hapless Gosling.

What followed then, however—mere details which are readily anticipated—are not strong factors in this narrative. How the Gosling led Pink a short cut across the plain to Comstock, where they found the Majah and his consort in the Canteen awaiting the

whistle of the west-bound before bidding farewell to old faces; how the Majah at the bar was in the act of lifting his glass when he felt an obstacle against his ear and heard a familiar voice drawl, "I'll trouble you to return that loan"; how the shock of the voice alone was enough to bring him to the eve of a collapse, though he rallied and would have made a fuss had not the obstacle pressed harder while the voice resumed, "I'm apt to get a little head-strong"; how the Majah was thus obliged to gracelessly disgorge his booty; how he and his comrade traveled west as they had designed, but not in a Pullman, and with the sheriff from Alpine for company; and how Keeps, the agent, was paid in full by the Gosling—all these incidents may possess a certain interest in themselves, but they in no way strengthen the vital feature of this tale, which is Mystery.

Not until Honey and the Badger were riding homeward through the evening dusk did the latter yield to his impulse to touch upon the question which for hours had harassed his mind. Then he led up to it with caution.

"That's a right capable dawg o' yours, Honey."

The Gosling smiled quizzically.

"Yep. He *is* a little mature for his age. Notice him at Candler's?"

Then the Badger hitched his shoulders and looked fearfully about through the dusk, in the manner of the superstitious.

"It wasn't *at* Candler's, Honey, that he *guv'* me the news. He was home when he made repo't."

Whereupon the Gosling evinced a mild interest.

"At home, Pink?"

"Ya-as, Honey. You've never noticed nothin' strange about that dawg, hev' you? I mean nothin' speerit or spook-like. He's jest a straight-out human dawg, ain't he, Honey?"

Now wonderment possessed the Gosling.

"You're talking like an ostrich, Pink. He couldn't have swum Candler's."

They were riding leisurely over the plain, whose great reaching wastes unfolded to the twilight their innumerable charms. A jocular moon hung smilingly in the sky like a pumpkin and draped the clean little hills with white witchery, a prairie-dog chorus in a neighboring village was piping a serenade, and a feeling of ecstasy and song was upon the land. But the Badger was depressed. Again did he cautiously survey the surrounding expanse as if in fear of an uncanny presence, then bending upon the Gosling, spoke with quaking tongue:

"Honey, it's Gawd's truth I was in the wagon-yard, a-fixing my Sunday bridle, when he come hikin' home!"

Then another mile of silence in which the Gosling, now moved to weigh seriously his friend's remarks, made some rapid calculations in time and distance. Eliminating all thought of the terrier's ability to cross Candler's unaided, it was indisputable that he had received assistance.

But for a passing horseman to have given him a lift it was essential that such a party should have been in readiness at the exact moment the terrier vanished in the cut, for there was clearly no marginal time. Between that juncture and the instant of the Gosling's release every available second was taken up by the line of action established by the Badger. But from the Circle-B to Wizard Rock the trail is without a fork and, save Candler's Cut, lies largely unbroken to the view; so that, admitting so unlikely a coincidence as possible, it was the wildest sort of fancy to suppose that such a horseman could have been anywhere on the road without either of the cowboys obtaining a glimpse of him.

"Pink," said the Gosling at last, "I reckon we don't know that terrier. He *must* have swum it!"

But here the Badger went literally into the air, rising in the stirrups like a buzzard on the eve of flight and flinging his arms in vast expostulation.

"Sufferin' Lizards, Honey! If you can't unhitch yourse'f from that idee *right* off! He might—I ain't sayin' he *couldn't*—but I'm a son-of-a-gun if he could swim it *without wettin' a hair!*"

Thus was the Gosling most effectually squelched. And that is why, when Honey and the Badger reached home that evening, an air of solemnity and thought seemed to envelop them like a cloud.

To the Colonel, of course, the Gosling first proceeded, and standing before him on one leg, ruefully fumbled his hat.

"I'm sorry to report that I was robbed, sir." And he told of the interview at the Wizard.

Then did the Colonel pass the neatest compliment of his life, for he said with a gesture of fatigue:

"Of course you *paid Keeps?*"

"Of course, sir," said Honey, smiling, as he handed over the agent's receipt.

Then the Gosling withdrew to the yards where in the moonlight by the bunk-house, to a circle of cigarettes, he found the Badger already dilating upon the Mystery. It was the first of many councils in which Bardwell the foreman and Clumsy Mack and Fiddling Harry and One Time Montana and all the wise men of Circle-B took a hand. And while they debated and theorized and explained, and did it over with fresh vigor and force, then had Honey and the Badger tell it again while they checked off the points—the



terrier rubbed their various legs and spoke eloquently of the things he knew but could not tell.

"You see it was this way," said Pink, for the twentieth time. "Honey here knows as I was a sittin' right thar on that wagon-tongue when him and the terrier hits the trail. Well, maybe it was ha't a hour after, and me still a-sittin' thar a-fixin' my Sunday bridle, when the terrier here comes a-steerin' up the road like a dozen wild-cats was a-swingin' to his tail, and I sees *right* off as he was skeer'd clean out'n his hair. Then I done some tall and heavy thinkin'. Honey, says I, ain't in the habit o' fallin' from a hawss *knowin'*ly, nor is Sinful the sort o' bronc' as stumbles on a clean trail. They've got a pile o' money, as to which somebody may have been posted, and they're jest about passin' the Wizard. It's a hold-up. But thar, of a sudden, I was stumped. The terrier here, all the time I was figgerin', was a kickin' up and whinin' most dismal, and jumpin' ag'in me and pawin' my laigs. And feelin' o' him keerful, it struck me all over and at once as no dawg could swim the Pecos *without tetchin' water!* It had happened then in the cut, *this* side, which was too close for any hold-up. Anyhow, regardless, I lit into the 'shack' here, grabs the handiest gun, and in three twists was saddled up and hittin' the road swift. But reachin' Candler's, gen'l'men, I'm a smoked tarant'ler if thar was hide or hoof o' the Goslin' in sight, the only livin' insect bein' the old steer, Pilot, standin' to his knees in the water, and he was that sleepy and lazy-like that I know'd *right* off nothin' had been stirrin' round him."

"Gen'l'men," pursued the Badger, "you kin can me if I wasn't stuck. Honey then had left the terrier knowin'ly, though in that case it was funny he hadn't made him stay home in the first place. Ag'in, if he *had* set him across, seein' he hadn't teched water, *who had set him back?* As that question riz up and faced me I concludes at once I was on a fool's trail and turns, but thar was the terrier in the road. And seein' me doublin', maybe he didn't raise a fuss! He was wors'n forty greasers on a pay-day. Whinin' and howlin' most fearful, he hung to my stirrups, and twenty times I reckon he jumped even with my pockets, and runnin' to the water, looked across and sung so long and lonesome-like as to give me the quivers. I know'd purty quick then as it wasn't any fool's trail, and buttin' across I lit up the road hot-foot, and shore enough by the Wizard was the whole business in a mess o' tracks. Honey I found about a mile from the road, all trundled to his hawss and a-cussin' away sorter quiet-like." The Badger hugged himself in glee.

"Bust my guns if he wasn't a show!" Then, after a pause, "Of course we got 'em—Poker Gabe and the Majah—in the



Canteen. One Time has told *that*, seein' he got home ahead of us. But that ain't the point!" The Badger fanned the air at the end. "The question is, how did that dawg cross Candler's?"

Followed a chorus of "Betcher spurs!" "That *is* the point"; then a silence in which each man, in the moonlight, surveyed the others. And in their gaze was something of a threat, a sort of dogged challenge, as each felt himself accused by his fellows. Then every man present of whom there was a doubt swore simultaneously and upon his honor that he had had no hand in transporting the terrier over Candler's, in fact had not been within six miles of the ford at the time in question. Then a pair of them waited hopefully upon the Colonel and returned despondent, that gentleman having remained at home the whole of the afternoon.

Followed naturally another silence, in which still lingered a glimmer of defiance. Since none of them had connived or assisted in the ferrying of the terrier, dared anyone suggest *how* he had got over? At last a voice ventured cautiously,

"He *couldn't* hev jumped, could he?"

The Badger snorted while he struck his leg.

"You've *hit* it!" he cried with gusto. "Who'd a thought? It's a good sixty yards, but the terrier's real springy in the laigs. 'Course he jumped it. Say, that dawg's got fawg blood, I bet!"

There was the noise of a snicker traveling in a circle, and the cautious voice subsided.

Afterward their remarks were chiefly of a humorous trend.

"Must hev crossed in a parachute!"

"Er on a broom, like Mother Geese!"

"Say, a bloomin' fairy must hev growed him wings. They frequent do sech on the spear o' the moment!"

Then a slow, thoughtful voice began:

"One time in Montana——"

"Oh, hesh! This is Texas!"

Nine of the wise men finally agreed that the tenth had been drunk when he felt the terrier's hair, it being clear that nothing save the agency of his own legs had got the dog over Candler's. But when the next day they took the terrier to the ford, and dropping him amid-stream at a rope's end watched his hopeless battle with the current, the Badger was exonerated and they returned a wondering, baffled lot.

And from there the story spread.

The current and absorbing gossip of Comstock the next day, it had reached Eagle Platte and the Allobar Country by the Sunday following, thence to the Mother Mountains, until within a month it had traveled the length and breadth of cattle land.

The barbers of El Paso are telling it to-day, the *matadores* of Las Vegas are merry with it across their cigarettes, and "What is your theory?" is the question best known from San Antonio to the Peco, from the Staked Plains to the Rio Grande.

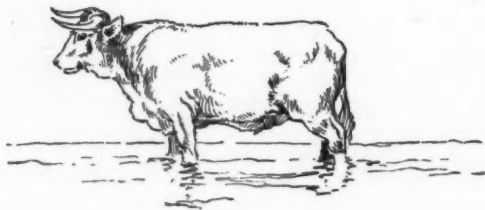
The drummers constantly ran against it. For months afterwards, swinging unguardedly from the cars, they found the time between trains profitless, and there are still a few towns which they shun as having but one kind of talk.

And the terrier is happy because he knows that, though a dog of common birth, he is beloved of many, and that for fame he can give the laugh to the bloodedest blood that ever took a ribbon in Madison Square.

Now, the Gosling has a theory which he dare not divulge in the community lest he be treated to jeers and the offensive beating of cans. But one day I caught him off the home range; and recalling that I was not a native and under promise to restrict speech in certain territory, he first assured himself that I knew the Pilot, the drowsy old steer pensioned by age, whose business is to hang around Candler's and assist in crossing the "marketers" by showing the backward ones how to take the water; then the Gosling gave me this:

"You remember how the Badger saw the Pilot at Candler's, standin' sleepy-eyed in the edge of the water. Well, I saw him, too, but on the other—the *west* side, so he must have forded over before the Badger came along, and it was in those moments that the terrier was in the cut. Now, it being shown beyond a doubt that no other means were at hand, he must have crossed *on the back of the Pilot!*"

As to that, I leave you to guess.





## THE BEST NEW THINGS from the World of Print

### The Dean of Roses

Nora Cresson in Black and White

There was a Cowslip Parson long ago  
Whose name was Herrick, as perhaps you  
know.

Now vainly through a window gaze  
Roses of Rochester. Two days  
Still is the heart so warm before.  
The Dean of Roses is no more.

The roses in his garden plot  
May wish they were forget-me-not.  
Vibert, La France, and Jacqueminot  
In vain their loveliest colors show,  
Yon sleeper takes as little heed  
Of damask rose as wayside weed.  
Silence has struck in him her seed.

Bring roses, roses, where he lies:  
Weigh down the lids upon his eyes  
With roses full of dew and scent.  
Into the dark his steps are bent  
Where are no roses, white or red,  
Save those within his coffin laid  
By those who loved the old man dead.

### Money by Postal Card

The Boston Transcript

The Austrian minister of posts and telegraphs has issued an order which will do much to make post-cards more popular than ever. The new regulation permits sums under \$2.50 to be transmitted by post-card to any part of the Austrian empire. The arrangement is simplicity itself. The sender affixes stamps to the card to the value of the required amount, plus a trifle for commission and the ordinary postage.

This post-card can be changed into cash at any post office, or if instructed the postman who delivers it will also

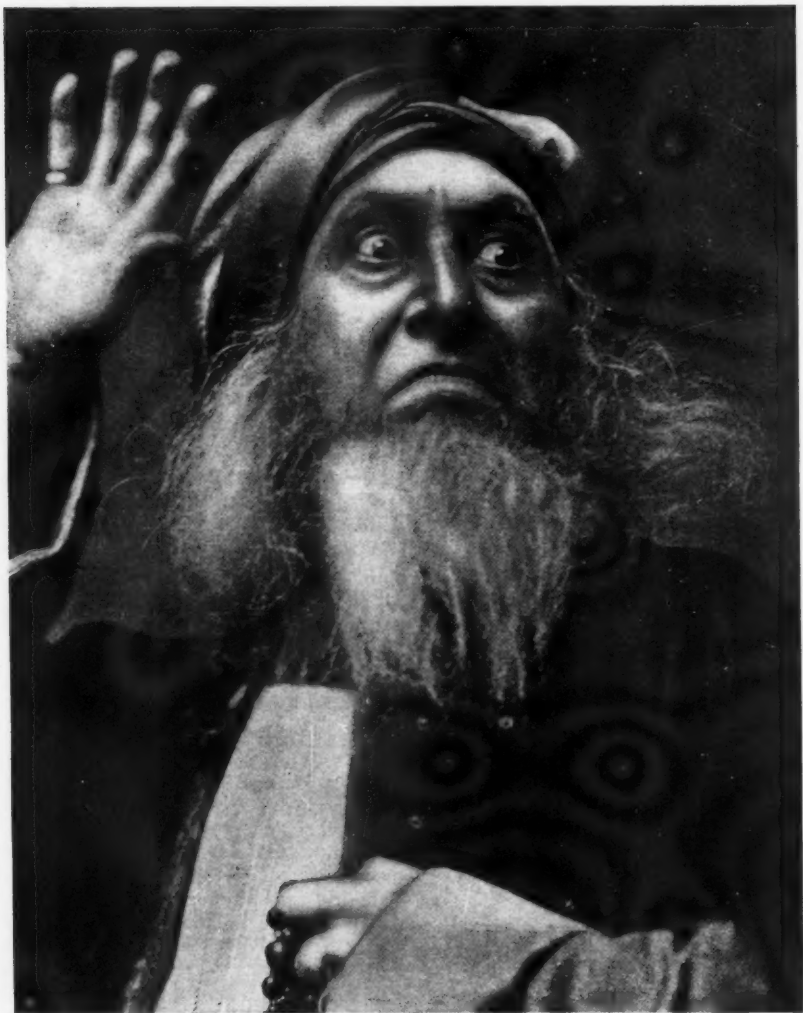
hand over at the same time its money value. It is anticipated that the post-card money order will be made use of to a great extent by people desiring to remit subscriptions to societies, clubs, newspapers, libraries, etc., and it is also thought that an international money order post-card might be adopted with advantage by all the countries in the Postal Union.

### Artificial Coloring of Flowers

Francis Marre in Cosmos

Horticulturalists can now create almost at will flowers of varied colors by practising forced cultures, artificial selection, and hybridization, in this way obtaining a very extended scale of colors. Still, in any case the color of the flower, although it is possible to give birth to millions of varieties, can only be modified within certain limits. With reference to this fact the colors of flowers have been divided into two great categories, the xanthic series—yellow, yellowish-green, orange, red—and the cyanic series—blue, indigo, violet. Never has a flower of the first series passed into the second, nor has the reverse taken place; never has a gardener, no matter how clever he may be, been able to obtain blue roses.

The florists, however, obtain this color. Their method is that classic one which has been long employed in the case of violets—for example, making them green with ammonia, white with

*The Theatre*

## SIGNOR ERMETE NOVELI AS "SHYLOCK"

The great Italian actor, who will visit the United States this season.

the vapors of sulphuric acid, etc. In this case, however, it is the coloring matter of the flower itself which is modified, although in the production of green carnations the method adopted is that of artificially introducing coloring matter into the tissues of the plant, the coloring matter then being incorporated

into the petals. When the first green carnations appeared in Paris the city was seized with astonishment, and many persons willingly paid as much as two francs apiece for the flowers. The municipal authorities instituted an investigation and soon discovered how the flowers were colored. It appeared that

a young girl accidentally poured into the water of a vase containing white carnations coloring matter with which she was painting a rose-leaf green. What was her astonishment to see the carnations lose their white color and assume a beautiful green tint; from this to the regular manufacture of the flowers was evidently only a step.

All plants, however, do not lend themselves in an equal manner to these vagaries. The carnation, hyacinth, orange flower, gilly-flower, iris, chrysanthemum, and camelia are the most easily colored, and in this respect it is amusing to experiment with the many hues that can be obtained. It is only necessary to prepare a coloring solution, then to cut the stem of the flower and place it in the solution. The plant draws up the water, and little by little the coloring matter is distributed throughout the plant's tissues. A common gilly-flower placed in a solution of light-green aniline dye is quickly transformed, at the end of twenty minutes the white parts being blue, the yellows green, and the reds violet. Many other effects may be produced in the same way.

### The Christ of Modern Thought

From Friedrich Naumann's new book: "Letters on Religion"

What can we say of Jesus? He is one of the greatest problems that human thought is called upon to contemplate. He is an embodiment of contradictions, as no other mortal ever was. We are only beginning for the first time to understand Jesus. Such conceptions as guilt, punishment, sin, justification, have practically lost their importance in the modern estimate of Jesus. The Christian of today does not find the importance that earlier generations did in the doctrine that Christ bore the sins of the world. Sin is no longer emphasized as it used to be. The highest ideal of modern theology is "the martyrdom for the truth and the endless love that is found in this martyrdom," as ideally demonstrated in the person and work of Christ. Jesus has had a different significance for different ages and peoples. We must seek to under-

stand him psychologically. We recognize in him the greatest religious power that has ever existed upon the earth. To be a Christian means to attain that condition of soul that Jesus possessed in an overpowering sense. He is, accordingly, not merely a moral example. That which was really important in the soul of Jesus was his intense consciousness of being the child of God. And for this reason we call him the Son of God, for a soul that has nothing in it but God is a child of God. Older theology regarded Jesus as the ideal man; for modern theology he is "the ideal personality," "the ego in the human race that has been developed in the purest form."

### For a Forty Word Alphabet

The New York Sunday Sun

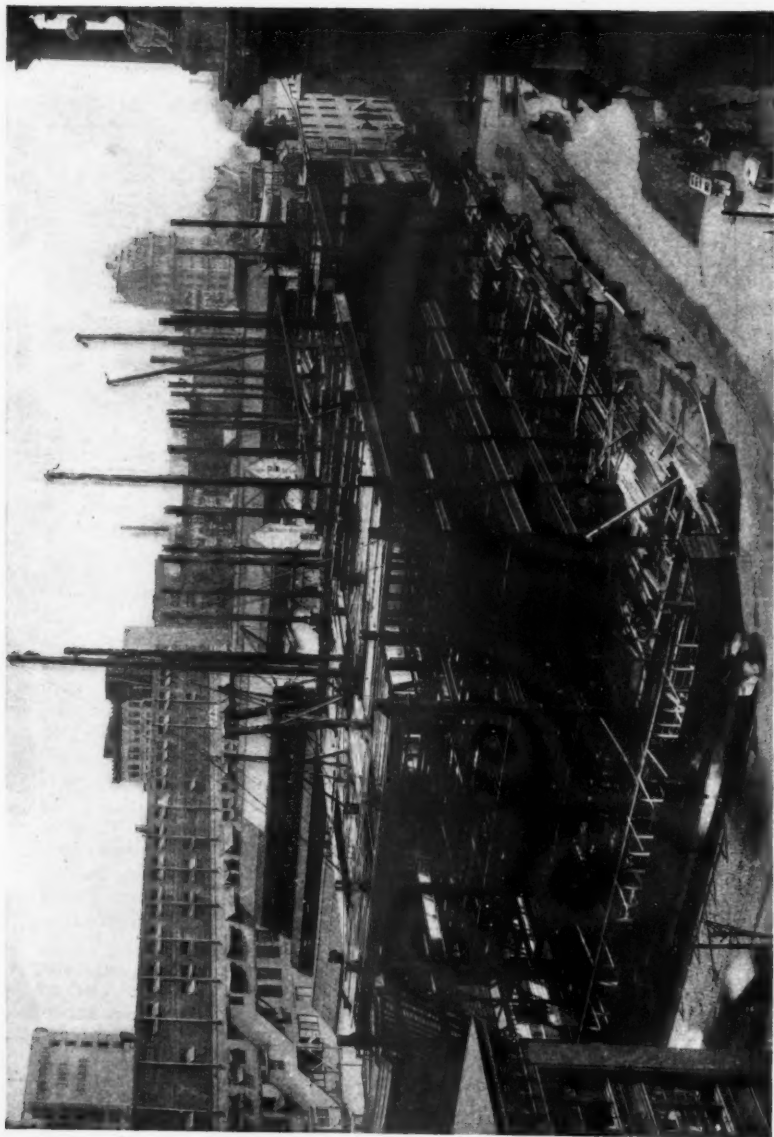
Boston University has issued a circular inviting opinions on the proposal to hold an international conference for the purpose of adopting a universal alphabet, by which to indicate the pronunciation of words in the leading European languages.

The twenty-six letters of the Roman alphabet are known the world over, and it is safe to say that 90 per cent. of the world's printing is done with these letters. Thus the universal alphabet already exists; it only remains to remove a few differences.

For the most part the twenty-six letters represent the same sounds in all languages. Write the words arm, brick, past, black, clock, harmony, individuality, and they will be pronounced alike, or nearly alike, by all Europeans, even though they may not know a word of English.

As the value of the letters is not quite the same in different languages, or even within one language, it becomes necessary for dictionaries and language manuals to use what is called a key to pronunciation. As the scientific study of pronunciation is of rather recent development, no uniformity has as yet been attained in its notation.

Almost every dictionary uses a key of its own, which is useless to the reader except for that one dictionary. Who-



#### AN EXTRAORDINARY BUILDING FEAT

To construct a new twelve-story steel building while carrying on, without interruption, the largest retail business in the world on the same site, and practically under the same roof, is the task which John Wanamaker is successfully accomplishing in Philadelphia. The above picture shows less than a quarter of the new store in process of construction.



ever wishes to use several dictionaries or language manuals has to learn as many keys.

As a result, he does not become master of any. Whenever he wishes to ascertain the pronunciation of a word he has to consult the key at the bottom of the page or in the beginning of the book.

Recently there has been a marked tendency on the part of dictionary makers to use the same symbols for speech sounds. As a culmination of this movement it is now proposed to replace the multiplicity of keys by a single key, as perfect as it can be made through the amplest possible discussion and experimentation by a commission composed of the foremost experts in this line of research.

By slight modifications, such as will not interfere with legibility, it is thought that the number of letters can be increased from twenty-six till it suffices to represent all the sounds of the leading languages. In English about forty letters would be required.

Several letters even now are used in several forms in roman and italics (a, e, g); in script the variety is still greater. By assigning to each of these forms a definite sound, forty letters may easily be provided. Should this key come into general use in dictionaries it would impress itself on the memory of dictionary users of all nationalities and enable them at a glance to pronounce correctly any word written in that key.

## Lessons Learned in the New York Subway

M. G. Cunniff in *The World's Work*

In digging the New York subway the men uncovered many sewers which had to be rebuilt. At first they built the new sewers of brick. Presently the bricklayers, who were receiving \$5.20 a day, struck for higher wages. The work stopped. The indispensable bricklayers left the subway. But the old adage came to Mr. Parsons' mind: "There are more ways to kill a cat than by choking him with cream." Concrete work was cheap; why not build the sewers of concrete? Experiments were unexpect-

edly successful. Thereafter, concrete was used almost exclusively—a new kind of sewer had been evolved, cheaper than the brick sewer and better. This is one of the many contributions the building of the subway has made to engineering.

## A Good Description

Exchange

John S. Sargent, the noted painter, was saying that the late Dr. Evans, the American dentist, of Paris, had once shown him all his curios.

"Among these curios," said Mr. Sargent, "there was a letter that amused me greatly. Dr. Evans had received the letter in his youth in America. It was from a young farmer in Vermont who wanted a set of false teeth made and sent to him. He wrote for the teeth in some such way as this:

"My mouth is three inches across, five-eighth inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss shew, toe forard. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar.'"

## Unappreciated Benevolence

The Saturday Evening Post

It happened early Sunday morning on one of the New York cross-streets, where block after block of brown-faced dwellings with high steps daily present their row of heaping ash-cans and garbage-barrels upon the front pavement. A thin, sour-faced old man, in a frayed and shiny alpaca coat, was turning over the contents of one of these receptacles just as a plump, benevolent-looking woman chanced to be passing.

"My good man," she exclaimed, in a voice full of pity and solicitude, "that is the trash-can you have there! You won't find anything to eat in it. Don't you know the ordinances compel separation? This is the food-can, and here," poking a half-loaf of bread out of the heap with the point of her umbrella, "is a fine bit, hardly discolored even.

"Oh, don't think I mind doing this in the least!" she rattled on, catching sight of an inexplicable expression on

the old man's face, "I shall be only too glad if I can help you. I'm just on my way from church and I haven't any change or—Now, here's something else," spearing a limp banana with the end of the umbrella. "Oh, yes, I haven't a bit of false pride!"

By this time the old man had found his voice. "Madam," he sputtered, "madam," his excitement and indignation reducing him to voluble explanation, "I'm not looking for my breakfast, madam! And I'll have you to understand these are my own barrels you're poking your umbrella into. I own this house—and—and—"

"Then why—?" began the good woman, in amazement.

"Because a fifty-dollar bill was swept up with some rubbish last night, and—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" stammered the woman, with heightened color, as she withdrew. And then to herself, "That's just the way! When one tries to do a little good in the world, it's so apt to turn out to be the wrong person!"

### A Sonnet for the City

Anna Hempstead Branch in *The Atlantic Monthly*

This day into the fields my steps are led.  
I cannot heal me there! Row after row,  
Thousands of daisies radiantly blow;  
They have not brought from Heaven my daily bread,  
But they are like a prayer too often said.  
I have forgot their meaning, and I go  
From the wearying patter of their gold and snow,  
And the calm ritual, all uncomfortable;  
I want the faces, faces remote and pale,  
That surge along the city streets; the flood  
Of reckless ones, haggard and spent and frail,  
Excited, hungry! In this other mood  
'Tis not the words of the faith for which I ail,  
But to plunge in the fountain of its living blood.

### An American Financier in Korea

The Brooklyn Eagle

Mr. Stevens, the new financial adviser of the Korean government, is responsible only to the Emperor of Korea, who, in turn, is responsible only to Japan. His recent appointment was not the result of any bargain

or understanding with this country. Nevertheless, the installation of an American at the head of the Korean treasury was a shrewd bid for American good-will. Japan has able financiers of native birth of whom some at least were available for the position, but the choice of a foreigner appears as a proof that Japan is not to inaugurate a policy of exclusion in the Hermit Kingdom. An American can be made to serve the purpose of Japan in Korea as well as a Japanese, as long as he is willing to recognize Japan as the paramount power. When he withholds that recognition he can be readily displaced. For the present, however, he conspicuously represents Japan's policy of the open door, a fair field and no favor.

### Platonic Friendships

The Young Man

Miss Hulda Friederichs says that it is "worse than wicked, it's vulgar, to pretend that a friendship between a man and a woman must of necessity develop into an intrigue, or a love affair. Men and women, whose interests in life centre round ever so many things of which what is generally called love may or may not longer be one, are just made to be good friends, the manly views on the one hand, and the womanly views on the other, making up the elements, which go toward all that is best in friendship, and adding a sort of constant piquancy to intercourse, which must naturally be lacking in intimate friendship between two 'people of the same sex, be they men or women.'"

### The "Thunderer's" Type

The London Times

The *Times* never uses the same type twice. Every day a new supply is delivered at its offices by the Wicks Rotary Type Casting Company, amounting on the average to as many as a million letters; and the whole of it is removed on the following day to be put into the melting-pot. Such lavishness could only be possible with type made at extraordinary speed and with exceptional cheapness, and the invention that



## NOT GUILTY

Brooklyn Life

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Tommy McGrath, can you tell me who threw the stone that struck Goliath?

TOMMY: Ye kin search me. Our street's all tore up, an' dey ain't no autermobiles goes dat way.

first realized these aims was the work of Mr. Wicks, who, curiously enough, is not an engineer by profession, but a journalist, and was formerly a member of the gallery staff of the *Times*. His original invention has been vastly improved in the course of years, and the members of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, who, headed by the secretary, A. S. E. Ackermann, paid a visit recently to the works at Willesden, where the type-casting wheels are made, spent a couple of very inter-

esting hours among machines and contrivances which strike laymen as little short of magical, but can only be properly appreciated by engineers. Under the guidance of the firm's engineer, E. G. Tottle, they inspected every process of the manufacture of the punches, the matrices, and the type-casting wheel itself, and, though the actual casting is done at the works in Blackfriars, arrangements had been made by which the operation of one of the finished wheels could be exhibited. Before the



*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

**JOHN BURNS, M.P. FOR BATTERSEA**

The energetic labor leader of the English House of Commons

invention and perfection of this wheel a type-making machine which could turn out 6000 types an hour was considered rapid; the Wicks rotary type-wheel casts 60,000 with ease and 40 per cent. more cheaply than the old machines. The firm's engineer explained that, after buying the best and most expensive machine in the market, they invariably set to work to alter it until it reached their own standard of accuracy. All the calculations (and they are peculiarly complicated, since, to comply with the

traditions of printing the unit is 1-72d part of an inch) are carried out to six places of decimals, and the men who grind the punches or make the wheels work to 1-10,000th part of an inch. The care taken and the quality of the machinery employed may be gauged by the fact that the little punch-cutting machines, which each cost nearly £1000, are bedded, to avoid vibration, on a depth of sixteen feet of concrete, which in its turn is laid on oak piles five feet long.

## An Optimist on London

The Daily News

For several years past John Burns has found time for what, in his own apt phrase, he calls "his annual pilgrimage of duty," the manner of which is eminently characteristic of the pilgrim. Mr. Burns jumps into a tram, and, traveling as democratically as he lives, lands himself at some convenient centre of observation.

I think of what Goethe said, "Strike into life anywhere and you will find it interesting." Thus have I found London during the past three weeks. I have looked upon London's grey alleys, her mean streets, her sombre courts, her melancholy myriads, her cheerful legions, her hordes of little children, her kindly child mothers, the little fathers, the multitude of patient, heroic women workers who throng the bridges in the morning and in the evening, who gather into parks and playgrounds and streets. I have witnessed the moving panorama of a hundred thousand carmen, 'bus and cab drivers, with their half million horses; and I tell you I have marveled—more every year—at the spontaneity, discipline, and rhythm of London's astonishing diorama.

What poet has ever done justice to "the orchestral Strand," the Titanic Docks; the toil, glitter, grime, and wealth of Father Thames, the railways—above us, on the earth, and under the earth—and, more than all, the pride and pomp, the poverty and pain of all that has passed before me, still, as much as ever, fascinating by the never ending charm of its appeal to pity and affection?

I never had the slightest difficulty in finding out anything I wanted. I was never molested. I was accosted for money once, and that in the Royal borough of Kensington. I saw no one locked up. I saw no one fighting. I never heard a row between police and people. Indeed, I was struck by the monotony of London rather than by the Alsatian orgies which are too often alleged against her citizens.

There are not the corner boys there were. The prostitutes are fewer and are confined to certain areas. I may

remark that their lack of discipline is most marked within a hundred yards of the Athenæum Club rather than near the purlieus of the Spotted Dog at Bankside. I did not see so many women bearing upon their faces "the marks of the beast." Even the musical lunchers have lost their down-at-heel expression, and the absence of cruelty to horses was most significant.

I am in no way discouraged by my pilgrimage of pity or tour of duty, or whatever you like to call it. London is too large to lose your patience with, and not small enough to lose your temper over.

## Sour Grapes!

Tolstoy, as reported in the St. Petersburg "Novosti."

Song is a trivial and undesirable thing. Why should good and thoughtful men sing? In my country old men like to talk about worthy subjects, about faith, God's will and life, and like to read good books. This is worthy of all praise. But what is singing? It may be compared to wine or tobacco—mere empty pastime, if not worse than that, since it often incites cruel and wicked deeds. In war, song is considered essential; special music is written for soldiers, in order to excite and hypnotize them, just as liquor is served to them for the same purpose. There is no denying the power of song; but there is this difference between wine and song: the former makes people brave and bold, the latter only reconciles them to their fate and induces resignation. Song, in truth, is not a high manifestation of the human spirit; it is something sensuous and low. People acquire the habit of singing, but an exercise of will can rid us of it. Personally I have never cultivated the habit. I do not sing.

## The Orchestral Leader

The Springfield Republican

What it means to have a man of superior intellect and artistic capacity at the head of an orchestra is made clear by Laser in his recent book, "The Modern Conductor." A rehearsal under Bülow, he says, "was the most interesting lesson one can imagine. The whole

orchestra seemed to awaken to a new life. Musicians who had long since lost all interest in their profession were suddenly changed into artists. The violin-cellist, Anton Hekking, one of the most exuberant and jovial of the players, said to me, 'For the first time it gives me pleasure to play in an orchestra; here, at last, is a chance to learn something.'

Anton Seidl used to get his players (and, consequently, their audiences) interested in the pieces they were rehearsing by making interesting remarks

At last the guests arrive hastily. But, gentlemen," Bülow continued, when the place had been tried over, "you are making this sound like a regiment of heavy artillery. Remember that we are concerned with elves." Other useful hints were given, and the result is thus summed up by Herr Laser: "The Americans have a saying, 'Nothing succeeds like success'—and the success of the *Oberon* overture under Bülow's direction was enormous. The audience shouted for joy and applauded until the whole work was repeated."



The Tatler

#### A NOVEL HOSPITAL COLLECTOR

It costs one penny every second to maintain the London Hospital, or 3,153,600 pennies a year!

about these pieces and using picturesque comparisons. That was Hans von Bülow's way, too. When he was rehearsing Weber's *Oberon* overture, Herr Laser tells us, he said to the players: "Imagine that *Oberon* is going to give the elves a grand festival. He gives his horn player orders to sound the invitation signal. As this is not heeded at once, he has the signal repeated, somewhat louder (some conductors make the mistake of having this second call played very softly, like an echo; but Weber knew very well that there is no such long pause between a call and its echo).

### Brunettes Healthier than Blondes

Dr. F. C. Shrubbsall in the London Hospital

Persons of the blonde type suffer more than do those of the brunette type from rheumatic diseases such as tonsillitis, acute rheumatism, and heart disease, while the reverse is the case in reference to pulmonary tuberculosis, nervous disorders (particularly epilepsy), and cancer. Further, this influence has an age-relationship, and disease during early life is found to fall more heavily on children of blonde complexion. Thus in overcrowded areas the proportion of the brunette element is in excess, and the infant mortality among blonde children is greatest. That these areas do not become still more brunette is perhaps to be explained by the earlier rise in overcrowded areas of mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis, the greatest scourge during the child-bearing periods of life.

### Why Leaves Fade

Ernest Ingersoll in the N. Y. Evening Post

The primary cause of the withering of the leaves in autumn, then, is the chilling of the soil, and the process advances far before it is accelerated or completed by freezing. Roots are unable to absorb as much water in cool soil as in warm—are stopped from it altogether in very cold earth. They ought not to be urged to do it by the pumping leaves; and so the leaves, partly because their supplies are withdrawn, partly to relieve the plant of their demand, are cast off. With the



first reduction of temperature in the soil and consequent lessening of water (with its dissolved sustenance) from the roots, the protoplasm begins to withdraw from the leaves. In "ever-green" leaves, which are fitted by their compact shape and other properties, to resist wintry influences, the grains of green coloring matter (chlorophyl) sink to the cells underlying the surface, and are half hidden, so that these leaves become dull in color, veiled under a film of empty surface cells. In the leaves of deciduous trees, however, such as our ordinary hardwoods, the chlorophyl disappears altogether, retreating with the other protoplasmic materials into the branches, stem, and other more sheltered parts of the plants. Steadily these cell contents, carrying the starch, sugar, and all that is serviceable to the plant, migrate backward along the paths by which they descended. In the trees and shrubs they lodge in the woody parts; but in many herbaceous plants they go below ground to be stored on underground stems, or in tuberous roots, and drawn on next spring for the fresh growth of leaves. Hence our potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., do not get their fulness until the "tops" have withered and contributed their materials. Nothing is now left in the leaves but a framework of empty cells and a certain residue of materials no longer useful, which it is an advantage to the plant to get rid of, so that the falling of the leaves is in one view a useful process of excretion.

### England's Only "Statesman"

The New Bedford Standard

A significant tribute to King Edward of England came from the recent trades union congress in that country. Both the House of Lords and the House of Commons were heartily denounced as the rich man's assemblies, while the Administration of the country was proclaimed as the rich man's pastime. Mr. Balfour was sneered at as a vacillating nonentity, and Mr. Chamberlain was hissed as the workingman's archenemy; but when John Ward of the Navvies' Union, after condemning militarism and

conscription, declared that at present the king was about the only statesman England possesses, and the only real friend of peace, this congress of trades unionism cheered again and again, and gave the speaker quite an ovation when he sat down. Hitherto that body has manifested scant respect for monarchy, and we do not know that it approves of the institution even now. The admiration for the king seems to be chiefly founded on his personality, which has certainly won for him a marvelous respect and affection. King Edward was long in coming to the throne, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has the goodwill of the people in a marked degree.

### Divorce and Occupation

The Baltimore American

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors, and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of marriage infelicity. Next among the high averages come the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paper hangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers.

### The Wit of Woman

G. K. Chesterton in the London Daily News

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic. The normal man all over the world is a hunter, or a fisher, or a banker, or a man of letters, or some silly thing. If so, he has to be a wise hunter, or a wise banker. But nobody with the smallest knowledge of professional life would ever expect him to be a wise man. But his wife has to be a wise woman. She has to have an eye on everything, an eye on the things



*The Sphere*

**PEACE AFTER BATTLE**

"THOSE WHO SEEK ME SHALL FIND ME"

*Ferdinand Pauwels*

that fanatical bankers forget. If the banker is melancholy, she must teach him ordinary cheerfulness. If the banker is too convivial, she must teach him ordinary caution. If she had four husbands (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath), she would be an optimist to the pessimist, a pessimist to the optimist, a Pagan to the Puritan, a Puritan to the Pagan. For she is the secret health of the world.

Surely, then, it is absurd to test the "brain-power" of women by asking how high they figure in examinations or trades; that is to say, how dexterously and powerfully they work as sweeps, or parsons, or journalists, or emperors, or innkeepers, or what not.

For the very great "brain-power" of women in the world is largely poured out in an attempt to modify the excessive sweepiness of sweeps, the undue parsony of parsons, the journalistic feverishness of journalists, the Imperial vulgarity of emperors, and the moral difficulties that arise from the keeping of an inn. Our sanity is built up out of their agonies. Our stillness is made out of their straining. We have not much to pay them back with for thus upholding from the beginning the utterly unattainable ideal of common sense. We have made one attempt to do it: we have called Nature "she."

## Origin of the Term "Spellbinder"

Woman's Home Companion

A New York attorney who left these perplexing scenes but recently for scenes which, if less perplexing, need not be more interesting, was the author of the word "spellbinder." This gentleman's name was McCaskie. The word "spellbinder" came into use when he was chairman of the county committee of the city of New York.

The different speakers under the employ of his committee were in the habit of reporting the meetings which they had attended. These speakers were anxious to boom their stock with their manager, hence they would frequently say, among other things, "Oh, I bound them with a spell," or "I kept them spellbound." The reports of the major-

ity of the speakers agreed in this particular. The manager knowing the ground and motive of their self-laudatory reports, grew tired of them.

One evening one of the Ciceros, more modest than the rest, came in. His name was, and still is, "Jake" Kemple. Upon seeing him, McCaskie inquired of him, "Well, how did you do out there tonight?"

"Oh, just fairly well," replied Mr. Kemple.

Mr. McCaskie looked surprised. Then he said, "Mr. Kemple, I shall raise your salary. I am sick of these 'spellbinders.'"

The reporters immediately got hold of the word. Ever since then (1888) the word "spellbinder" has been in vogue.

## An Experience

Tom Masson in Life

There is a man ahead of me.

I am tired this afternoon, and slightly irritable.

I am anxious to get home where I can rest.

I wonder if I know the man ahead of me?

Yes. His name is Jones. Jones is a story-teller and recounter of reminiscences. It wouldn't do to catch up with him.

I never realized before that Jones was such a slow walker. My house is four squares down the street and his is five.

I must go slower. Now we are going along about even. I like Jones, but it would be a strain to meet him just now. I would have to gather myself for a mental effort. I would have to slap him on the back and ask him things I don't care a hang about. Then Jones might begin one of his stories.

Hello! I'm gaining on him again. What in the devil's name makes him go so slow? Perhaps he hears me coming. Maybe he's laying for me.

I never knew before how hard it is to slow down from my accustomed walk. Well, I'll keep it up. I'll get within a reasonable distance of Jones, and then stop short and wait. It is easier to do that.

But suppose he should hear me com-

ing? He would naturally turn around and wait for me. Better stop now and give Jones a chance to get away.

I'll be hanged if I can stop. I'm too nervous to stop. I'd like to build a fire under Jones.

I'll be up to him in a minute, curse him. No, I won't. I'll loiter. I'll dawdle.

Jones, I'll get even with you for this—for keeping me away from all the comforts of my own home just when I need it most.

There! Gaining on him again. Whew! This is warm work. But I must stop. I will stop. I'll—

"Hello, Jones, old man! Didn't you see me coming? Why in thunder didn't you wait for a fellow?"

### "They Say"

Puck

Who says that Smith must beat his wife?  
Who says Jones leads a double life?  
Who says that Brown makes party strife?  
They.

Who says the Blanks ill-treat the cook?  
That Robinson some trust funds took?  
That Newrich had a crooked look?  
They.

Who knows the man that's bound to win?  
Who knows the man who can't get in?  
Who tells your every fault and sin?  
They.

Who says the words that sting and smart?  
Who incognito plies the art?  
And yet of whom you are a part?  
They.

### Retort Courteous

W. J. Price in Lippincott's

Pett Ridge, the London journalist and author, is of the opinion that the keenest repartee, after all, is that half-unconscious sort which springs so wholeheartedly from the masses, and here is a story he tells in support of his theory:

A woman who had been selling fish entered an omnibus with the empty basket on her arm still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the finny folk it had carried. She took a vacant seat next a young "gentleman," who drew his coat-tails away and plainly showed his disgust.

"I s'pose," remarked the woman presently, "that you'd rather there was a gentleman sitting beside you?"

"Yes, I would," was the prompt reply.

There was a moment's pause, and then came: "So would I."

### How an Athlete Chooses His College

President W. H. P. Faunce in The World To-Day

Men trained through all the years of school and college life in certain of the methods of college athletics may become future leaders, but they will be leaders in the art of evading taxes, manipulating courts, and outwitting the law of the land. An athletic boy frequently writes to half a dozen colleges and selects the highest academic bidder. Every college president receives letters, stating what inducements have been offered elsewhere, and demanding in thinly veiled phraseology whether he is prepared to outbid his rivals. One of the professors in one of our leading universities has today in his possession a letter from a professor in another institution offering to a promising athlete a guarantee of all expenses throughout his college course.

### A "Salvation" Island

From the New York Tribune

The report that General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is about to purchase the island of Anticosti from Henri Menier, the Parisian chocolate manufacturer, directs the world's attention to one of the most extraordinary real estate transactions of modern times. Ten years ago M. Menier purchased Anticosti for \$150,000, and sought to make himself monarch of all he surveyed. Now he has tired of the scheme, which, moreover, did not work satisfactorily, and although he spent nearly \$2,000,000 improving this remarkable estate it is believed that he has sold out, or is about to sell out, to General Booth for a fraction of that sum, and that the Salvationists will soon begin to colonize



*Drawn from life by M. N. Kraftchenko*

*Black and White*

GENERAL STOESEL

The gallant defender of Port Arthur

it on a large scale, which he could not succeed in doing.

It would be difficult to imagine any spot better suited than Anticosti for a Salvation Army colony. The island is 130 miles long by 30 wide, has an area of 2,460,000 acres, and possesses 300 miles of seacoast. It lies right athwart the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, forming the line of division between the river and the gulf, and it therefore

are grown on the island and reach maturity. Its timber areas are also extensive, and competent authorities say that there are 2,000,000 acres of spruce and pine-covered forest. The tillable area is estimated at 1,000,000 acres, or 10,000 farms of 100 acres each, and, allowing five persons to a family, this would support 50,000 people. Much of the surface, moreover, is swampy, but by cheap drainage could



BUST OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Modeled in sand on the sea shore.

*The English Illustrated Magazine*

dominates all the ocean-borne commerce passing through Canada's front door. Anticosti has two fine natural harbors, one at Ellis Bay, at the upper end of the island, and a second at Fox Bay, at its other extremity. Both are capable of accommodating whole fleets of the largest seagoing ships, in every kind of weather.

Grain, wheat, vegetables and fruit

be turned to profit, as M. Menier has already done with the site of a lake in the interior of the island, from which he now raises splendid crops of oats. The marshes could also be made to support a large and paying industry in the growing of cranberries; the peat deposits promise to be highly productive, and the timber industry could afford employment to hundreds of men.



The fishery wealth of Anticosti is, however, its chief asset. The waters that wash its shores furnish an abundance of cod, halibut, turbot, mackerel, herring and lobsters. As a result of only two months' fishing last year M. Menier shipped \$40,000 worth of lobsters. Inland fishing is also excellent, the streams and lakes abounding with trout. Salmon and sea trout are readily caught in the inlets. The island, therefore, might be converted into a great tourist paradise, with suitable summer hotels and steamboat facilities. It possesses bears, otters, martens and foxes, though poaching has considerably reduced their numbers, and M. Menier has begun to restock it with all these varieties, as well as with moose, elk, and caribou, so as to convert it into a valuable hunting preserve.

### Why are American Women Popular in England?

Marie Corelli in *The Bystander*

The American woman is, above all women in the world, clever—or, let us say, "brainy," to an almost incredible height of braininess. She is "all there." She can take the measure of a man in about ten minutes and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realizes all his limitations, his "notions," and his special and particular fads, and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him.

She would not "take any" on the lily-maid of Astolat, the fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immoral but fascinating Knight of the Round Table. No, she wouldn't polish a shield, you bet! She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he was worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of her secrets—masterfulness—or, let us say, queenliness, which sounds better. The Lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering *her* about, because as the Lady of creation she expects to order *him* about, and she does. She expects to be worked for, worshiped, and gen-

erally attended to, and she gets her way. . . .

Life does not run only in one channel for the American Woman. She does not "make tracks" solely from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave. She realizes that there is more fun to be got out of being born than just this little old measure meted out to her by the barbaric males of earliest barbaric periods, when women were yoked to the plough with cattle, as they still are in some parts of Switzerland. And it is the innate consciousness of her own power and intelligent ability that gives her the dominating charm, the magnetic spell under which the stolid Britisher falls more or less stricken, stupefied, and inert.

A really beautiful woman is scarcely ever seen, not even in Great Britain, where average good looks are pleasantly paramount. Prettiness—the prettiness which is made up of a good skin, bright eyes, soft and abundant hair, and a supple figure—is quite ordinary. It can be seen every day among barmaids, shop girls, and milliners' *mannequins*. But Beauty—the divine and subtle charm which enraptures all beholders—the perfect form, united to the perfect face in which pure and noble thought is expressed in every feature, in every glance of eye, in every smile that makes a sweet mouth sweeter—this is what we may search for through all the Isles of Britain, ay, and through Europe and America and the whole world besides, and seldom or never find it.

### A Jolt for American Complacency

The Electrical World and Engineer

All good American engineers and citizens have been very busily engaged the last two or three months in showing friends from abroad the marvels of our civilization, and in accepting with an ill-concealed modesty the hearty and spontaneous compliments on our enterprise, our ardor, our promptitude to take up and perfect new things, our zeal in introducing and popularizing the latest inventions and discoveries. The complacency that has expanded many an American's white vest and brought the

glow of patriotic pride to his face is decidedly lessened on reading the remarks of so distinguished a visitor as Sir William Ramsay, of argon fame, who thinks American manufacturers decidedly apathetic and behind the times. He says they are not sufficiently alert: "The majority of them do not make it a practice to read scientific journals or to familiarize themselves with the latest trend of scientific thought. English manufacturers are far ahead of Americans in this respect, and Germany shows a clean pair of heels to both." And then he goes on calmly to substantiate this damning indictment with facts and figures. Sir William is the best friend this country has today. He may not be quite exact, but it is well to be told by a frank, friendly and discerning critic that other countries are up and doing, and that this people also must be as alert and aggressive in pursuit of the new and knowable as it ever was at any stage of its development.

### Literature a Precarious Calling

A Russian Journalist in The Rousska Viedomosti

The book business is dead—or at least dying. Books? Who now wants a book, and for what? Books are read nowadays only by professors, maniacs, pedants, and prisoners condemned to solitary confinement. Books cost money and time, and contemporary readers have neither. Why should one pay several marks for a single book when for the same amount one can fill a whole shelf with manufactured periodical rubbish? And how is one to get time for books when the struggle for existence hardly leaves a moment of leisure? Men think of the existence of books either in railway carriages or—in bed, when they desire to fall asleep with the least delay.

The attitude of the publishers toward scientific men and authors is one of chilly indifference, even of scornful contempt. Often they decline even to receive men who come with applications or propositions of a business nature. To them everything is stale, antiquated, uninteresting, superfluous. Everything has been said; everything has been

printed and consigned to the storeroom. A book which can count on no more than a total sale of three or four thousand copies is rejected by publishers as a hopeless proposition. They will not put it out, at their risk, even if the author foregoes all compensation. The pay for literary work is positively appalling in its beggarliness; \$250 for a book of many hundreds of pages, representing original work, is considered a good honorarium. Translations, literally, bring in cents, not dollars. The writing profession finds itself in a wretched condition.

### The Passing of the War Correspondent

The London Speaker

Never in any war has the censorship been more exact; never has it been more successful. It is customary to remark upon the exactitude of the Japanese censorship. It is equally true that the Russians, though a Western people and therefore less accustomed to secrecy, have maintained an astonishing reserve. Nothing would seem easier, for instance, than for a correspondent properly disguised to have ascertained at any point upon the Trans-Siberian Railway what numbers were going through; no one has guessed even approximately.

No evidence is worth having in this campaign save that which is officially certified to be true by one of the two combatant parties. That is the principal rule of evidence to follow. No other evidence can, as lawyers say, be admitted. Chefoo, Shanghai, and Tien-Tsin are full of random fellows paid by the job and not by the month, who send any news they choose; and a great deal of the news we read is actually written in Europe.

### Diplomacy in the Desert

The Westminster Budget

Colonel Marchand's account, contributed to the *Figaro*, of his interview at Fashoda with Lord Kitchener is slightly Gallic in its style, but at all events it presents the two men as



The Sphere

## THE MODERN WAR CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Sheldon Williams, one of the special artists of the *Sphere* with the Japanese, has here made an allegory of the misfortunes of war for the war correspondent during the present campaign. The reporters have not only been kept at the base but even there they have been closely censored.

having both behaved like gentlemen, and Lord Kitchener with much tact and good sense in the deadly circumstances of their meeting. This piece, at all events, might be a fragment from Dumas :

Lord Kitchener rose. He was very pale. I rose also. He turned his gaze towards the numerous flotilla in which his troops—2000 men at least—were crowded against each other, then turned towards our fort, from the summit of which the gleam of bayonets could be seen. His mute inspection over, General Kitchener made a sweeping gesture towards his flotilla.

Then, pointing with his hand to our fort, he said, slowly :

“Major, supremacy——”

“General, military supremacy can only be established through fighting.”

“You are right, Major; but I must hoist the flag of his Highness the Khedive on the fort, and you do not wish it?”

“It is impossible, General. Hoist it over the village.”

“I think, then, Major, that our official conversation is now at an end.”

“As you please, General.”

“Very well,” said Kitchener, in the best of temper; “then let us have a whisky-and-soda.”



Punch

# MISTRESS OF THE SEA

FATHER NEPTUNE (*ocean carrier*). You're not sending any of your goods out to the Far East just now, ma'am. How's that?  
 BRITANNIA (*meekly*). I'm not allowed to.  
 FATHER NEPTUNE. Not allowed! Why, I thought you had a navy!!

We accordingly drank the whisky-and-soda, Kitchener meanwhile asking me about our march and I questioning him about his victory at Omdurman.

The staunchest blue-ribbonite will not grudge the whisky-and-soda in the circumstances. Whether it happened precisely thus or otherwise, and which of the heroes was palest is happily now no matter. Here we have, no doubt, the essential truth of the scene, but Colonel Marchand a little mars it by the observations which follow, and particularly that in which he suggests that Lord Kitchener's black troops and Egyptian officers would have played him false if it had come to blows. That is a mere hypothesis, and we do not believe it to be a probable one.

## The World's Merchant Marine

The Marine Review

Recent statistics published in France estimate the total tonnage of the world's merchant marine at 33,643,000 tons, and the number of vessels at 24,853, of which 12,671 are steamships with 27,184,000 tons, and 12,182 are sailing ships with 6,459,000 tons. This gives an average of about 1540 tons for steamers and 538 tons for sailing vessels. Although the construction of large ships has greatly developed during late years, the greater part of the world's goods is still carried by vessels of average tonnage. The number of ships of over 10,000 tons is only eighty-nine. Of vessels over 5,000 tons, the following table gives the number and the flag floated:

Flag	5,000 to 7,000 tons	7,000 to 10,000 tons	More than 10,000 tons
British. . . .	366	119	48
German . . .	59	15	26
American . .	34	7	7
French . . .	30	4	2
Dutch . . .	6	1	4
Russian. . .	10	2	..
Austrian . .	4	1	..
Japanese . .	16	..	..
Spanish. . .	3	..	..
Danish . . .	..	1	2

The tonnage of the principal countries is as follows: England, 16,006,374; America, 3,671,956; Germany, 3,283,247; Norway, 1,653,740; France, 1,622,016; Italy, 1,180,335; Russia,

809,648; Spain, 714,447; Japan, 726,818; Sweden, 721,116; Netherlands, 658,845; Denmark, 581,247; Austria-Hungary, 578,697; Greece, 378,199; Belgium, 157,047; Brazil, 155,086; Turkey, 154,494; Chile, 103,758; Portugal, 101,404; Argentina, 95,780.

## The Life of the Modern Battleship

Rear Admiral George W. Melville, U.S.N., in  
The Youth's Companion

The life of the modern steel battleship is less than half that of her wooden prototype—the ship of the line of a previous generation. The old wooden frigate, when built of seasoned oak and copper fastened, was good for forty years of cruising, while the warship of steel reaches the junk heap in less than twenty years from the time her keel is laid.

Without taking into consideration the possibility of grounding, collision, or destruction by an enemy, there are four stages to the life of a modern armored vessel, each period being of about five years' duration.

It requires five years to build such a structure, counting from the time of the signing of the contract until the final acceptance trial of the vessel takes place. For the next five years this floating fighting machine is in active service, and is classed as a unit of naval strength representative of the highest advance in naval construction. Then, either by reason of obsolescence of armature, inferiority of armor, or reduction in speed, the fighting value of the ship declines, and the vessel is therefore neither regarded as a model for future naval construction, nor is she assigned to the leading squadron of fighting ships. The last five years of her existence finds her employed for special duty or as a ship in reserve.

The actual period in which a modern battleship can be classed as a fighting vessel of the highest order is therefore limited to ten years. While the vessel is in process of construction her usefulness is in great part prospective, while during the last five years of her existence it is in retrospect that she appeals most strongly, even to naval experts.



Regarding the life of a battleship as of twenty years' duration, there is therefore an annual depreciation of five per cent. in her value. As the first cost of such a vessel, including its machinery and guns, is about seven million five hundred thousand dollars, the actual loss resulting from deterioration or from other causes is at least one thousand dollars per day. The cost of maintaining the vessel in commission will approximate fifteen hundred dollars per day, so that the total outlay in maintaining a battleship in commission, even during a time of peace, involves a direct or indirect expenditure of twenty-five hundred dollars daily.

### An American Inventor in England

Alfred Kinnear in *The Magazine of Commerce*

We get, instinctively, something of Gambetta in the personality of Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim. The facial resemblance is there, coupled also with the subtle and commanding forces of great ardour, splendid conceptions, eloquence, wit, and that charm of manner which seems to be the leavening of the comforting consciousness of success.

Sir Hiram Maxim is a product of the land of wooden nutmegs. He was born at Tangersville, in the State of Maine, on February 5, 1840. He comes of an early Puritan stock. Such education as existed in 1840 in the State of Maine young Maxim of course obtained.

But his thoughts were less on the three R's than on the "making of things." His bent was in a mechanical direction, and odd were the strange contrivances of his brain, his penknife, and a ball of twine.

In 1881 he made his *début* in the Old World by exhibiting in Paris the first electrical current regulator ever invented for reducing the atmosphere to the utility of the electric lamp. Paris was delighted, excited, charmed. Here was a genius born unto a world which knew how to reward ingenuity. That has ever been the wit and spirit of France and Frenchmen, and Mr. Maxim for this invention was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by President Grévy.

In 1883 he applied his mind to a new sphere of activity, and brought out his automatic gun. "Kill quickly and kill largely" was Mr. Maxim's principle, and, after traversing the entanglements of many conceptions, we received the Maxim gun.

Sir Hiram Maxim, speaking of his invention, well describes its terrible energy in the words: "Six hundred rounds a minute from a single barrel is rather too deadly a fire to stand up against." In fact, referring to the experiment of the Maxim fire in the Matabele campaign, which was a private company affair, "The slaughter was so great," remarks Sir Hiram, with almost pardonable cheerfulness, "that the matter was seriously discussed in Parliament as to whether the English were justified in slaughtering the natives in such numbers."

We also owe to this facile inventor the best brand of smokeless field-powder, compounded from gun-cotton of the highest degree of nitration—commonly called tri-nitrocellulose—and nitroglycerine, with a small percentage of a suitable oil. From smokeless powder Sir Hiram returned to the skies, and attacked the impalpable air as the disciple of aerial navigation. Thus we obtained the aeroplane.

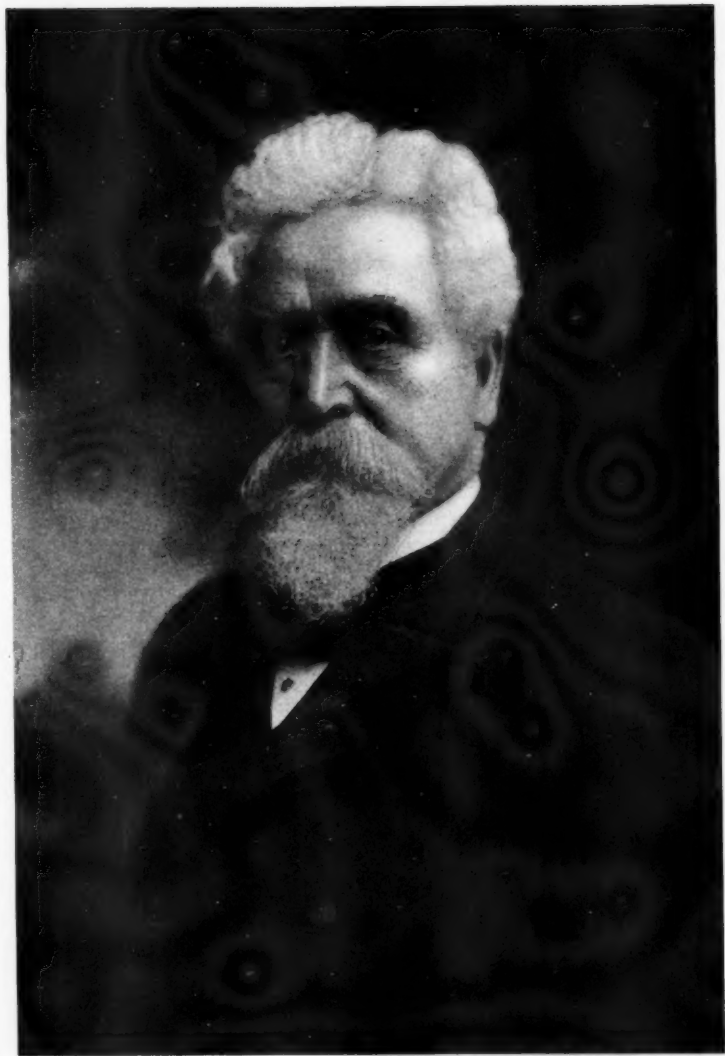
Sir Hiram is the inventor also of mélinite, and has conducted critical experiments in modified forms of picric acid and other high explosives of the lyddite type.

### Politicians and Caricaturists

F. C. Gould in *The Westminster Budget*

The necessity for introducing into political caricatures and cartoons only those faces with which the public are absolutely familiar imposes what is often an irksome imitation upon the artist. Even the most prominent of our statesmen whose names are household words present problems in portraiture which are the despair of the cartoonist. It is not that their faces are devoid of individuality and strong character; it is rather that the characterization is too subtle to allow of easy accentuation. In these cases the cartoonist vainly





*Photograph by Window & Grove*

SIR HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM

The American explosive expert who won an English knighthood



JOHN MORLEY

wishes that his elusive subjects would adopt some means of accentuating themselves.

Take Mr. John Morley. His face is unlike that of anyone else in the House of Commons, and yet over and over again as the lines travel over the paper the likeness vanishes with a single stroke in the wrong place. Then comes the india-rubber or the knife, and the fleeting likeness has to be tracked again.

To suggest a moustache would be a crime; whiskers are inadmissible, and the idea of a beard would be monstrous. But why not an eyeglass? The monocle is made for the smooth, keen face only, for on a fat, bearded face it may look funny, if not fatuous.

I have often wondered why in the old days John Bright always appeared in *Punch* with an eyeglass, and I can only imagine that Tenniel, finding it a little difficult to accentuate features which had no very striking characteristics, adopted the monocle, in the same way that the straw was inserted in Lord Palmerston's mouth. And so accustomed were the readers of *Punch* to these features that it is useless to declare that John Bright never wore an eyeglass and that Lord Palmerston was not always chewing straw. It speaks

much, therefore, for the conscientious self-sacrifice of the political caricaturists of to-day that they have not combined in an agreement to make Mr. John Morley's face more practicable for their pens and pencils by so simple an expedient.

Mr. Lloyd-George is another individuality who, although perhaps easier to depict than Mr. Morley, has to be insisted upon a good deal yet before he can be used freely on the cartoonist's little stage. In his case, too, although the Welsh facial characteristics are marked, an eyeglass would be a boon to the caricaturist and shorten the period required to educate the public into instant recognition.

Lord Rosebery, again is a stumbling-block, and costs cartoonists many a despairing hour in trying to render a presentable likeness. How much easier it would be if his lordship would only adopt not only the eyeglass but a moustache as well! The latter would not need to be large—indeed, a large moustache would not go well with the face, but a little neat one, slightly turned up on each side, like Count von Bulow's.

Winston Churchill's face is, from the caricaturist's point of view, what I call an elusive one, by which I mean that the more you try to get it the more you lose it, and the likeness which appears



LLOYD-GEORGE

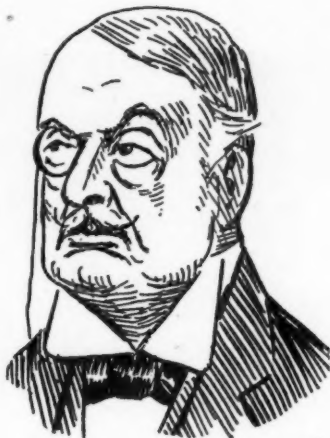
with only a few strokes of the pen disappears with elaboration. The conclusion of the matter, from the political caricaturist's point of view, is that if a politician has ambition it is important that he should accentuate his personality so that he may be chosen as being easy to represent rather than avoided as being difficult. The methods of this accentuation may vary, and the suggestions I have ventured to put forward are modest and simple, although I admit that they may be based on the selfish desire to be spared trouble in getting likenesses. Their impertinence I do not attempt to deny, for if a political caricaturist cannot be impertinent who can be?

### Maxims of a Diplomatist

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in *The Nineteenth Century* and  
After

Lord Dalling, the distinguished British diplomat, evidently codified his life in fixed axioms and proverbial sayings. Two or three of these now occur to me. He used to say, "Whenever you speak with a man older than yourself, always recollect that, however stupid he may be, he thinks himself wiser than you because he is older."

He would quote a saying of Talleyrand, which was, "acknowledge the receipt of a book from the author at once; this relieves you of the necessity



7ch

LORD ROSEBERY

of saying whether you have read it." He laid down as a rule, quoting it from somebody else, I believe Lord de Ros, that you should never cut anyone, as your so doing deprives you of an opportunity of saying disagreeable things to him. He would also say, "Never discuss, because neither you nor your adversary will give in to the other, and he will ever consider you a stupid fellow for not agreeing with him." He defined the advantage of matrimony as this: "That a wife will tell her husband truths which nobody else would venture to tell, and thus correct many of his defects." He once said to me, and I think his observation is correct, that "intimate friends are always about the same height." This he had found in his own case, and it is difficult for a tall man to be intimate with a short man, as they cannot talk confidentially when walking together.

Here are some of Lord Dalling's proverbs:

The way to be always respected is to be always in earnest.

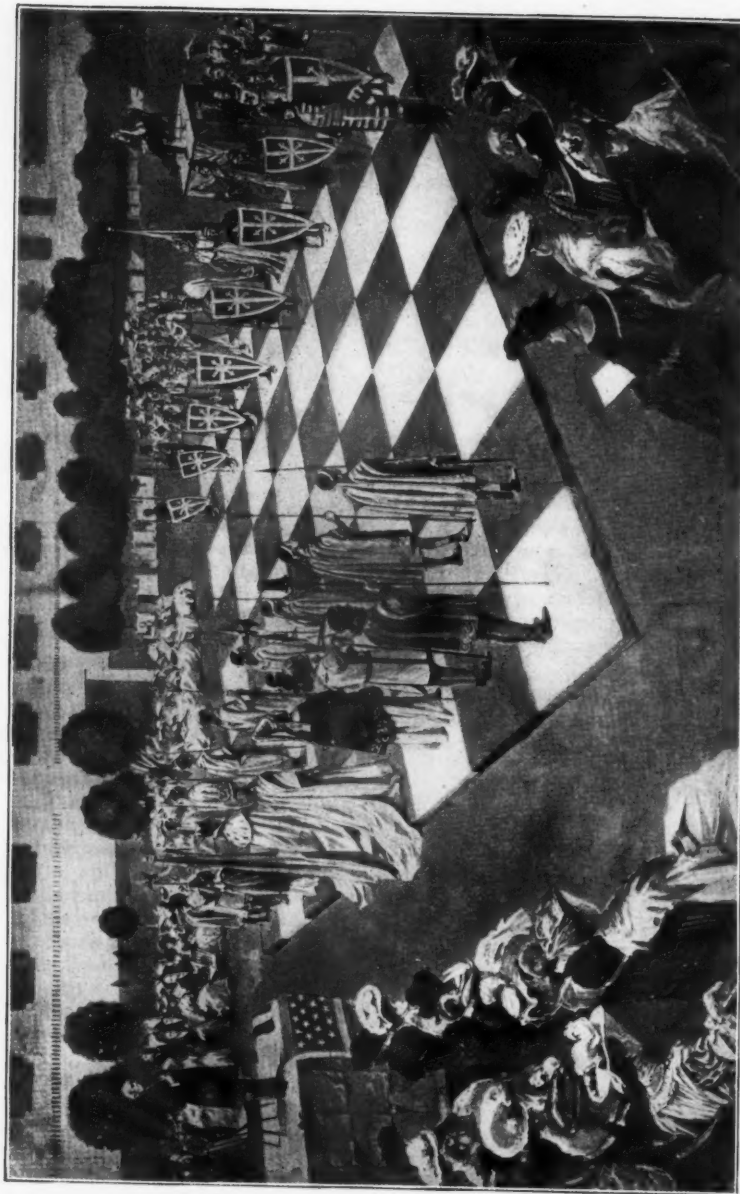
You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief.

One of the charms of an intimacy



7ch

WINSTON CHURCHILL



*Drawn by George Scott*

A GAME OF CHESS

Played on the grounds of Mr. George Gould, at Lakewood, N. J., by Dr. Charles L. Lindley and Professor F. M. Roser.

*The Sphere*

between two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for qualities he does not envy, and the woman appreciates the man for qualities she does not pretend to possess.

If you expect a disagreeable thing, meet it and get rid of it as soon as you can; if you expect anything agreeable, you need not be in such a hurry, for the anticipation of pain is pain—the anticipation of pleasure, pleasure.

It is very difficult to get stupid people to change their opinions, for they find it so hard to get an idea that they don't like to lose one.

Some men ride a steeplechase after fortune; some seek it leisurely on the beaten track; and some hope to attain it by a new path which they think they have discovered. The first arrive rapidly or not at all; the second arrive surely, but generally too late; the last usually lose their way, but are so charmed with their road that they forget the object of their journey.

Superior men rarely underrate the talents of those who are inferior to them. Inferior men nearly always underrate the talents of those whose abilities are above their own; for the tendency of genius is to raise to its own height, that of mediocrity to depress to its own level.

If you begin by thinking that nothing can be done without difficulty, you will end by doing everything with facility.

### "To What Base Uses"

M. A. P.

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoölogical Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

"Hullo, Smith," said he; "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and

that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere Gardens a-cleanin' hout the hehephants' stables; a nice occypation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

### The Way of a Boy

Mabel Cornelia Watson in Good Housekeeping

When mother sits beside my bed  
At night, and strokes and smooths my head,  
And kisses me, I think some way  
How naughty I have been all day;  
Of how I waded in the brook,  
And of the cookies that I took,  
And how I smashed a window light  
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—  
And tore my pants, and told a lie;  
It almost makes me want to cry  
When mother pats and kisses me;  
I'm just as sorry as can be,  
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,  
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

### The "Sane and Safe" in Travel

From "The World's Progress" in Four-Track News

In railway travel the most popular trains are those which afford the greatest degree of comfort and the best general service, coupled with economy of time, but the latter desideratum does not necessarily mean the train which runs at an excessive speed. The so-called "fast trains" are those which make especially good time between distant points because of the fact that they make few stops and, consequently, utilize time to the best possible advantage. The "Limiteds" and "Expresses," which are the terms usually applied to "fast trains," do not run at a greater average speed than many local trains, but because they make only a few stops on their long runs they are able to cover long distances in relatively few hours. This economy of time is attained without excessive speed, and to this economy is added the highest degree of comfort and service; qualities which form an irresistible attraction to travel.

A "sane and safe" degree of speed, coupled with economy of time and luxurious service, meets the highest requirements of both the business man and the pleasure tourist, in this rapid twentieth century, when "time is money" and comfort in travel is not the exception, but the rule.



Photograph copyright, 1904, by Dan Allen Willey

# EUROPE THROUGH FRENCH EYES—1870

Russia, the rag-picker, looks about for what he can pick up. Prussia is crowding Austria which, in turn, is pressing on Italy. The Turk sleeps. England has trouble with her Irish cat.





Photograph copyright, 1904, by Day Allen W. Lillie

#### JOHN BULL AND HIS FRIENDS—1900

Russia, the octopus, is reaching out to encircle England, Norway, and Sweden, North China, Persia, Afghanistan, and Poland. The map shows how the Europe of 1900 feared Russia. It is not so now. England sits in "splendid isolation."

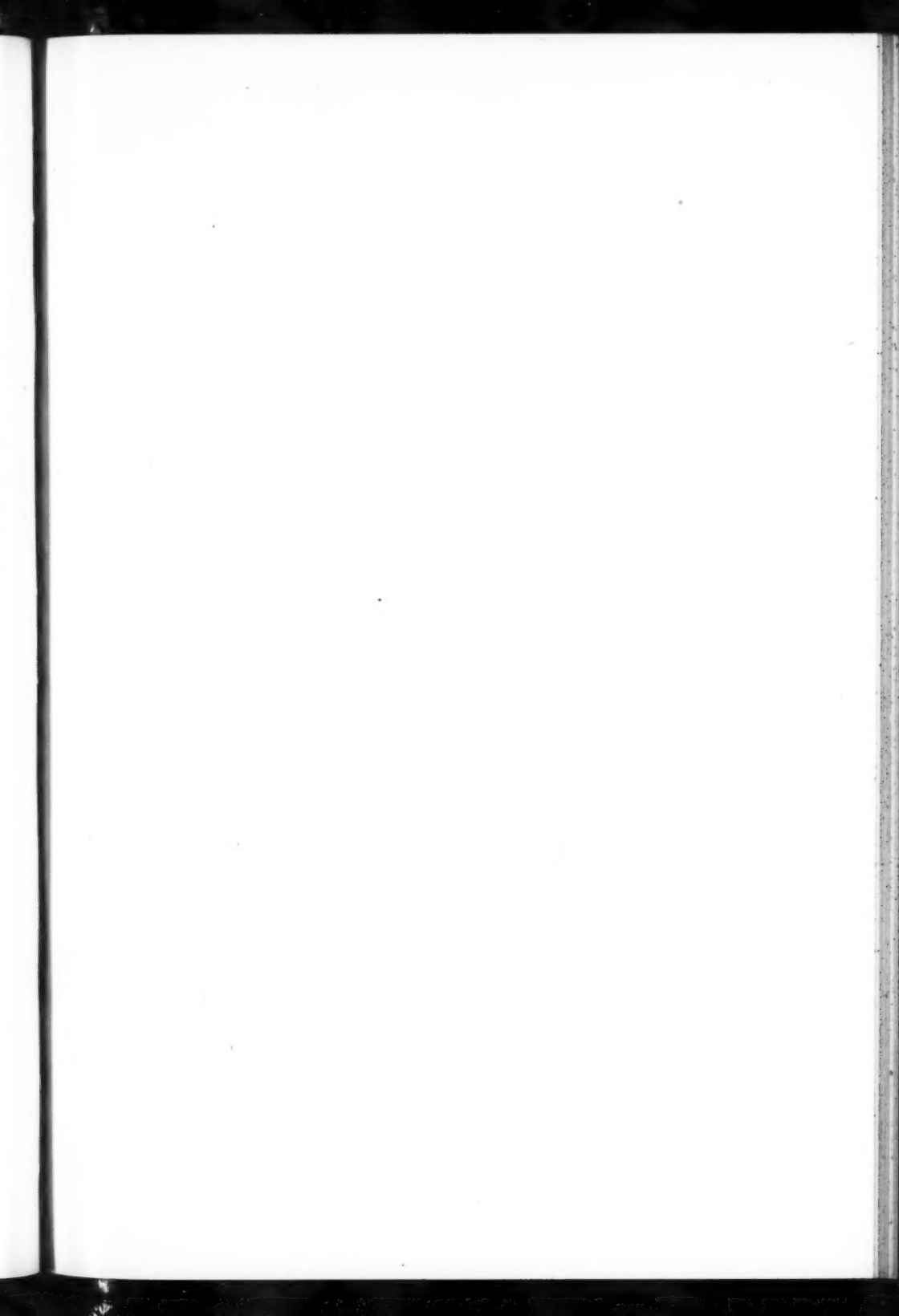
# 時局圖



Photograph copyright, 1904, by Day Allen Willey

## ASIA THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

Russia casts longing eyes on Manchuria as well as China, who lies asleep.  
The sun of Japan is rising. Germany, France, and America are  
carefully watching the Bear, and one another.





STREET GALLANTRY

BY J. G. BROWN

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